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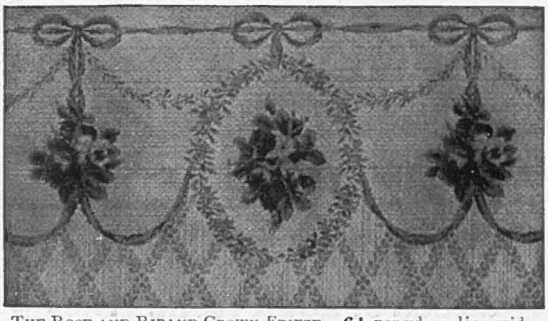

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No. 328.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 16, 1910 [With Supplement, 6d By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

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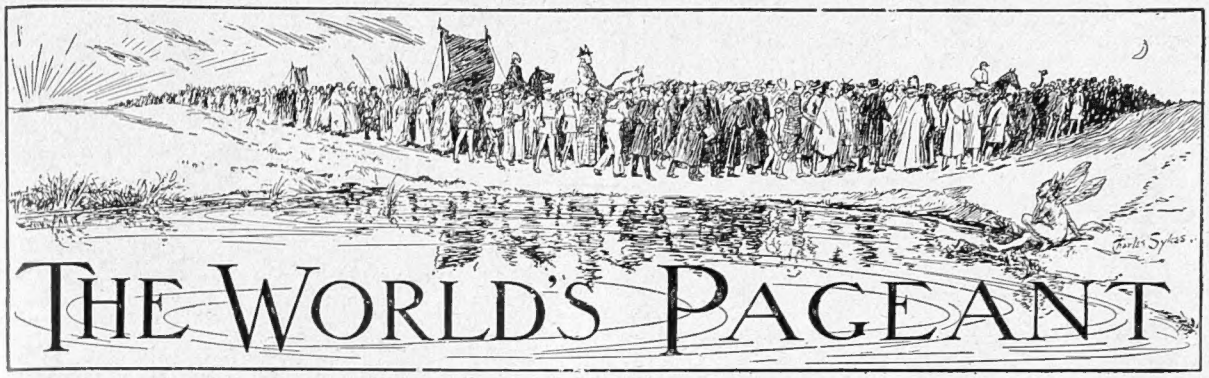


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Oh Where and Oh Where?

MAY I direct readers to the exceedingly interesting competition announced by the *Daily Graphic* in connection with its fourth attempt to break the long-distance balloon record? The attempt will soon be made, and £100 is offered to the reader who most accurately predicts the point at which the balloon will descend. All details daily in the *Daily Graphic*.

Shocking!

This awful Government! What will it do next? What with not collecting one's income tax, and refusing to vote its own supplies for fear it shouldn't live long enough to enjoy them all to itself, it is turning out to be a shocking case. The Suffragettes who refused food are hardly in it for depravity. But who is surprised? Was it not clear that directly the tactics ceased to be English they would be Welsh? That is what they certainly are at the moment of writing. Unionists in the Commons are positively furious, and no wonder! Having kindly stultified themselves by refusing to defeat Ministers on two or three critical occasions, in order that Supply might go through, it was horrible suddenly to discover that their forbearance had been used as "cover" whereby the Government might trick itself on to ground from which it could fire more effectually. Some of us do venture to think that the Unionist game—a very good one, too—might have been better played. As it is, it looks as though the battle is lost. Mr. Balfour is at Cannes—a nice, quiet, healthy place—and remains there until Easter. In his absence there is nobody sufficiently slim to outwit the enemy unless it be Lord Hugh Cecil. Oh, for one hour of—say—"Randy"!

The Prince of Wales at Queen's Club on the occasion of the International Hockey Match, England and Ireland, last Saturday

The Prince of Wales is President of the Hockey Association

The Activities of the Prince

As usual, at this time of the year, with the King abroad and the Queen in retirement at the Palace, public duties fall upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. From now on, right up to Whitsuntide, when the Court will have returned, their Royal Highnesses will fulfil a long list of engagements. To-day the Prince goes to the Principality from which he takes his title, and there, at Lake Vyrnwy, will perform the opening ceremony of the new waterworks of the Corporation of Liverpool. For the Grand National His Royal Highness will, as usual, be the guest of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley, returning to Town at the close of the meeting, only to leave again at once with the Princess for Dartmouth, where they will be the guests of Captain and Mrs. Napier at the Royal Naval College for a strictly private week-end. The Prince, by the way, has been a constant attendant at the debates in one or other of the Houses ever since Parliament opened. When in the House of Lords he always sits in the same place—next to the nobleman who on Monday moved the momentous resolution that "the possession of a peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A PATRON OF SPORT

The Prince at Richmond on Wednesday last for the final tie of the London Hospitals Cup, Guy's v. London

"Acrosticatures"

In connection with our "Acrosticature" competition, the second instalment of which appears on p. 572 of this issue, I take the opportunity of stating that the sketches are the work of Mr. Arthur Bergheim ("Tip"), who is also the originator of the idea on which the competition is based. Awards for the first week's entries will be published in our issue of the 23rd.

Lenten Dances and Marriages

A Social Revival

Society is actually waking up and exerting itself. There have been quite a number of really very pleasant dances lately of the boy and girl order, and they have proved most successful. Lady Lathom gave a dance of this kind last Thursday, and a certain number of hostesses conspired together and gave preliminary dinner-parties beforehand, afterwards taking their juvenile guests on with them to Bryanston Square, where the dance took place.

Tiaras Again

The same evening Lady Farquhar gave a consolation dance for the grown-ups, and at this function the Queen and Princess Victoria were *the* guests of honour. Lady Farquhar's dances are always very well done, and the winter garden makes a delightful "sitting-out" resort. Only the very smartest in the land were bidden to this dance, for Lady Farquhar prides herself on being exclusive. Some beautiful gowns and jewels were to be seen at this ball, and several tiaras were taken out of the bank for an airing in honour of the event.

The Hon. George Bampfylde and Mrs. Bampfylde leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their Wedding

Mrs. Bampfylde is a daughter of the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and her husband is the eldest son of Lord Poltimore

Violet Information

I read in a paper the other day with much joy how the débutantes of to-day enjoy themselves. It gave me so much pleasure to read this article because it was all fresh, bright news to me. I read that violet luncheons were very fashionable. The guests wore violet dresses, gloves, boots, or something of the sort, and the service was of violet china, all the lunch tables were decorated with violets, and crystallised violets in silver dishes were also used for the embellishment of the tables. What really charmed me to death was the statement that only a few men were present, and they were either "retired Colonels" or "pensioned City men," as other menkind were not available at the luncheon hour. Why—oh, why? What is a pensioned City man? Surely something much too old for the débutante and her friends.

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

The Hon. Grace Ridley

Viscount Ridley's sister, who is engaged to Viscount Wolmer, eldest son of the Earl of Selborne

Pure Piffle

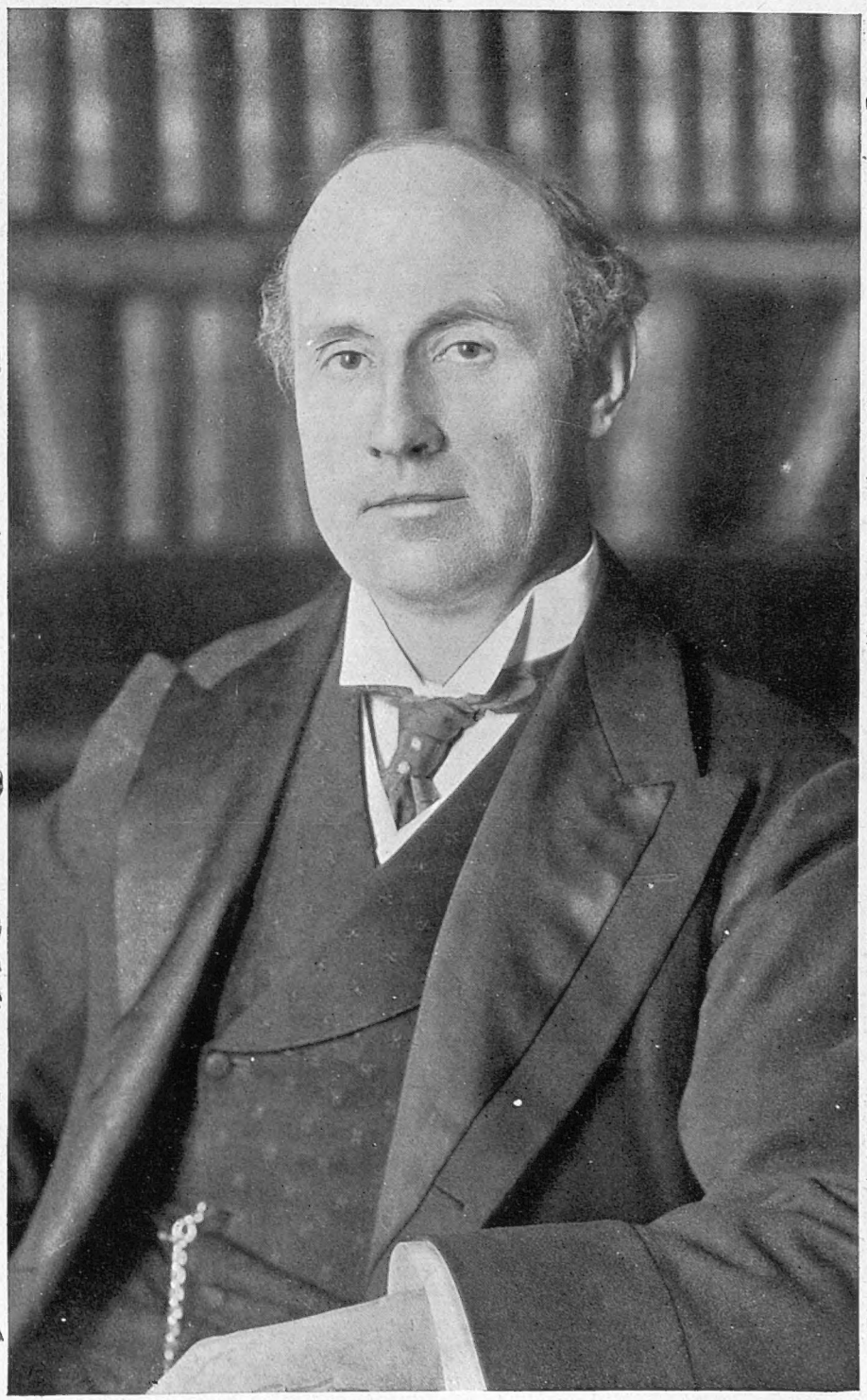
This—to use a somewhat vulgar term—is the piffle one reads nowadays in the cosy corner or ladies' page of the modern newspaper. It is the vapourings of some foolish woman who does not know how to fill up her allotted space with the "news" that she has to supply. It is purely imaginary, for, needless to say, such foolish entertainments as "violet luncheons" do not exist, except in the fertile brain of the lady writer.

The Knowsley Party

To-day (Tuesday) the "saddling" bell will be heard in the land for the first time this year—that is to say, for flat-racing—and, as usual, Lincoln sees the opening meeting. On Thursday the ever-popular Grand National meeting starts at Aintree, and Lord and Lady Derby are to entertain a large party at Knowsley for the event. The Prince of Wales will be their guest, and some great and good people have been invited to meet His Royal Highness. May we hope for fine weather?

Good, Evans!

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT



Photograph *Lafayette*

SIR SAMUEL EVANS, K.C.

He has been Solicitor-General since 1908 and Liberal M.P. for Mid-Glamorgan since 1890. It will be interesting eventually to discover his views on the contributory causes of divorce. Sir John Bigham, the retiring Divorce President, declared for drink, whereas the late Lord St. Helier plumped for religion and music

Interesting Snapshots Abroad

This parlous climate has much to answer for, and I pray that we may not have a repetition of last year's deluge, although up to the present the year has little to boast of. Let me see. We have had six fine days since January 1, which is not much of a career.

Mr. H. C. Booth

Who made a bet that he would walk from the Carlton Hotel, Paris, to the Royal Hotel, Nice. He arrived on March 2, after two months' journey. He nearly lost his life in the Alps

Shamrock Day

On Thursday—that is, St. Patrick's Day—the Princess of Wales will be present at the Exhibition and Sale of Irish Industries at Grosvenor House, and every Peeress who hails from the Emerald Isle will be found there. Their names have been published in every paper for months past, so there is no necessity for me to recite them now.

Royalty and the Opera

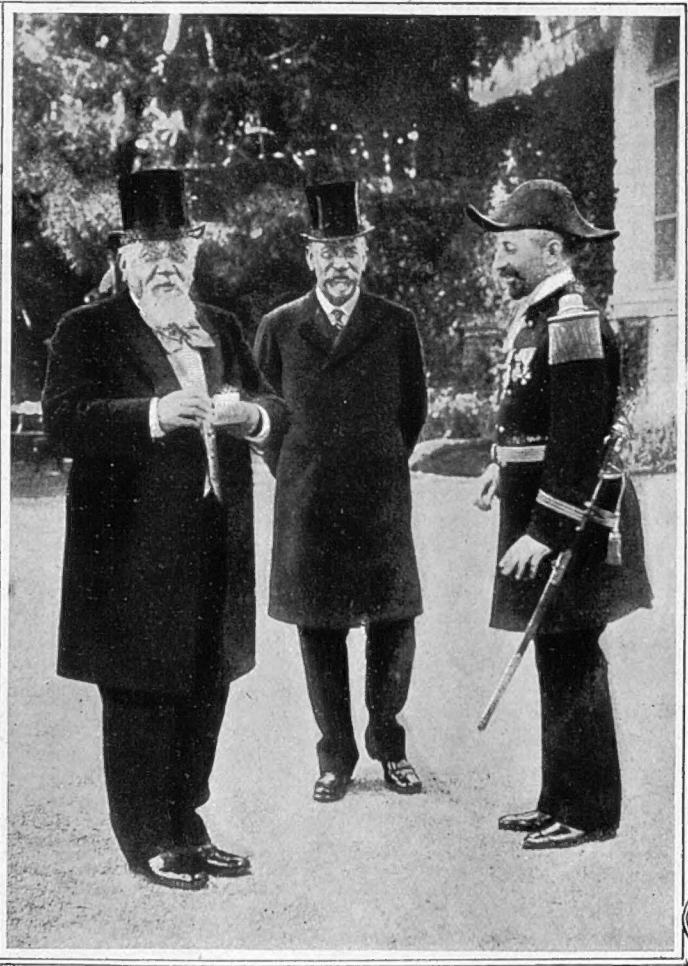
It cannot be said that Royalty has done much for the present Opera season at Covent Garden! The King and Queen were present, it is true, at the opening night, and on another occasion the Queen attended a performance of that dreary work, *The Village Romeo and Juliet*, but since then the Royal box has been deserted. The Prince and Princess of Wales—never very keen opera-goers—have not been present once, and no other members of the Royal family have graced the house with their presence. For some reason or other the silver-gilt folk did not appear at *Ivanhoe*, and the names of well-known people present at this English opera could be counted on both hands. I wonder why? But, then, I am always wondering, am I not?

The Empress Marie

The announcement that the Dowager Empress of Russia would not, after all, pay her annual visit to England this spring was as much of a surprise as a disappointment to all concerned. For all arrangements had been made for Her Majesty to come to London as usual, and it was only at the last moment that it was decided that, owing to the continued indisposition of the Tsarina, it was advisable that the Empress should not come to England for the present.

The Fashion for Music

In a country that is a Monarchy it is always the Court that sets the fashions in matters of amusement. In England the King and Queen, but especially the Queen, are devoted to music. Twenty years ago, Queen Victoria having no leanings at all in this direction, music went out of fashion. Even the Opera ceased to attract the really *chic*. To-day the wheel has turned. Leaders of fashion go about with scores under their arms, and in the very best circles to just what extent the symphonic poems of Strauss affect or do not affect



An interesting snapshot of President Fallieres (left) drinking a cup of tea with the Prince of Monaco (right) on the occasion of the President's last visit to Monaco

The Venetian Cause Célèbre

our emotions is the topic *de luxe* of the hour. Mrs. McKenna (whose new baby, at luncheons, teas, and breakfasts, is rapidly making the acquaintance of the whole Admiralty, and who the other day was christened Michael and given Mr. Asquith for a godfather), her mother, Lady Jekyll, Lady Lewis, Lady Lathom, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Ripon, and all the Somerset family are some of the leading members of the smart musical set of to-day.

Naumoff (handcuffed), one of the Lovers of the Countess Tarnowska (now on Trial in Venice for Murder), Leaving the Court

This man, who is a Russian of good family, and only twenty-one, confessed in court that he committed the murder at the instigation of the Countess. The victim was Count Kamarovski, a wealthy Russian, and another lover of the Countess's, who had insured his life in her favour for £20,000

A Repertory First Night

Quite a representative audience foregathered at the Repertory Theatre for the *première* of Mr. Granville Barker's *The Madras House*. Prince Francis of Teck came with a party, and so did Lady Ripon, Princess Hatzfeldt, and Mrs. Bradley Martin, while rather far back in the stalls, in those depressing seats under the overhanging dress circle, Lady Bell, whose own play was running at the Royalty, Lady Tennant, Lady Lewis, and Lady Jekyll could be distinguished. What was brilliant in Mr. Barker's play was naturally not lost on such an audience.

The Earl and the Girl

No fewer than three future earls are to be married during the coming season. Two of them, Lord Acheson and Lord Maidstone, are contracting alliances with Americans, Miss Carter and Miss Drexel respectively, but the third, Lord Wolmer, who is a grandson of the late Lord Salisbury, is to marry an English girl, Miss Grace Ridley. Lord Wolmer, who is a Wykehamist, only came of age two years ago. He is the eldest son of the High Commissioner for South Africa, and his bride-to-be is a sister of Lord Ridley and a niece of Lady Aberdeen, with whom she has lived a great deal, and some of whose competence and general strict sense of duty she appears to have absorbed.

The End of the Adverb

Long ago Society unanimously decided to drop its g's. We went huntin', ridin', shootin'. Now, it is my duty to reveal, we are threatened with the mutilation of the adverb. "I should be awful glad to come if it wasn't so frightful far," writes the gilded youth. "I'm absolute sick of this utter boring play," says Lady Hortense in the stalls. We are "fearful pleased" and "terrible disgusted." THE BYSTANDER, I am afraid, has had something to do with the inauguration of this provoking habit. Last week we spoke of a certain young lady as hunting "regular" with the Quorn. Some people, no doubt, put this down to carelessness or downright illiteracy. We intended it to be merely chatty.

The Countess Tarnowska, the Central Figure in the Amazing Venice Murder Trial

She is taken daily from the prison to the court by gondola. This woman is tried on the charge of conspiring with others to murder a man by whose death she would pecuniarily benefit

DOWNWRITINGS

(The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondent)

DOWN WITH THE DRAMATIC CRITIC!

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

SIR,—I am very glad to see that the question of the Dramatic Critic has bobbed up again. We badly needed something to wrangle about as a change from politics, and he will prove an excellent temporary substitute for the House of Lords. I think he, too, wants a bit of vetoing, and a good deal of drastic reform, and that the public has a right to demand "guarantees" against him before granting supplies to the proprietors of the newspapers who employ him. I look upon the Dramatic Critics as an arbitrary body, who stand between the playgoer and the play.

A new play is produced, and I want to know whether it is one to which I should go. How am I to find out? Rightly, of course, from the newspapers. My good friend, the enlightened Editor, tells me how to vote, whether or not to pay my taxes, whether the Navy's safe, what murders, suicides, divorce-suits are going forward, and so on and so forth. I look to him also to tell me what this new play of Thingumy's is about. But, confound it, Sir, when I pick up my paper, it is not my good friend the Editor who tells me all about it; it is some young fellow he hires for the job, some supercilious, subtle-minded, self-opinionated, possibly prejudiced person who, you tell me in THE BYSTANDER, wears a monocle, carries a malacca cane, and has mighty airs. Thank heaven I don't know the fellow when I see him, but it's bad enough to have to tolerate him in print. Now, Sir, why should this person intrude himself between the players who produce the play and the public they invite to see it? Who the Dickens is he, and why do editors allow him a corner site in their columns in which he has a license to retail, without let or hindrance, whatever adulterated stuff he likes to concoct?

When a play is produced, the public wants, not some hireling, but the editor himself—in his corporate capacity, of course—to throw his weight about over it. If the play's unimportant, let the sub-editor just paragraph it up as he would an unimportant murder, suicide, explosion, railway smash, or dam-burst (by unimportant I mean, of course, one that has taken place out of England). If it's important, I submit, Sir, that it's the Editor's own affair, just as much as a debate in Parliament, a big lawsuit, or a letter by the Kaiser to a British Cabinet Minister.

We want the stage treated as the newspaper treats everything else. We want accurately reported to us what has happened at the particular theatre in question, if you like, how it happened, and any details that may fit in. What we do not want is the airings of the precise views of individuals. Let them do this, if it pleases them, in the technical journals or reviews, which nobody is compelled to read, not in the newspapers which everybody is. I can imagine, Sir, the reporter sent down to the Peckham murder having very emphatic views of his own on the general principles of murder, and having decided leanings towards certain individual styles. He may, himself, have pro-poison proclivities, or, on the other hand, he may prefer the bludgeon or the dagger. He may regard the murder with motive as on a higher artistic plane than the murder without, and so on. He may have an extensive and a peculiar knowledge of the history, biography, geography, and even the geology of murder. But let him air these views before those who want to hear them. Readers of the newspapers want to know who was murdered, where, why, how, and by whom. They don't want the reporter's individual views on the æsthetic merits of the murder. I say precisely the same thing as regards plays. We want facts, not theories, and the sooner the Dramatic Critics as a class are utterly uprooted and cast forth into outer darkness, the better alike for stage, journalism, and the public.

I don't say the drama shouldn't be criticised. A play may be of importance as bringing forward some large question. It may be important, in fact, otherwise than as drama. To send the Dramatic Critic to—say—*An Englishman's Home* was as absurd as to call in the plumber to sweep your chimney. The man to see that play was your staff Major-General. It raised the question of military efficiency, and it was *his* business, not the Dramatic Critic's, to rub the moral of it into other people. If the play is of the picturesque anachronistic variety, such as—say—*The House of Temperley*, which deals with the days of the Ring, send into the National Sporting Club and fetch out the editorial pugilist. Purchase him three stalls for his own massive use. Let *him* speak his mind upon it. If it's a play dealing with our criminal system, such as *Justice*, let your staff criminal (if he's on leave) go and do the criticism, from first-hand experience. If the play deals with the sex problem, well—er—try the newliest-married member of the staff, or the most recent of your co-respondents (provided always that he doesn't happen to have been himself compromised with the dramatist's own wife). Anyway, send somebody likely to have fresh and lifelike views on the subject, not some pale academic, who has, probably, long ago educated himself out of any wholesome primitive emotions.

Lastly, there's the kind of play which doesn't deal with any one problem, but with all problems under heaven at one sitting—the play which is known, I believe, as the "Debate." Carping critics of what I have above written will ask whether to see, say, *Misalliance*, I would send *all* the experts on the staff? An excellent notion! The management (to judge by the appearance of the last "house" I saw) would rejoice, and as for the Editor, he would have every reason to be satisfied, as, owing to the certain disagreement of the experts, he would receive no critique whatsoever, and the public would get off. And if, as a result of this, it went to see the play, let it, and suffer the consequences. DOWNWRITER.

Our Society Portraiture

Photograph *C. and R. Lavis*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Some Stars Who Have Helped to Make

Miss Edyth Olive and Mr. Dennis Eadie

The latter is, perhaps, the most talked-of actor of the day. His work in *Justice* was superb. Not for many years has such realistic acting been seen in London. In *The Madras House* and *The Sentimentalists* also he played splendidly. Miss Edyth Olive won golden opinions in *Justice*. She is an actress with a temperament

Miss Miriam Lewes

Whose performance of "the glorious young beast" in Shaw's *Misalliance* was so startlingly clever

Mr. Sydney Valentine

A fine, virile actor, whose engagement at the Repertory was inevitable. He has played most successfully in *Justice*, *Old Friends*, and *The Madras House*

Miss Lena Ashwell

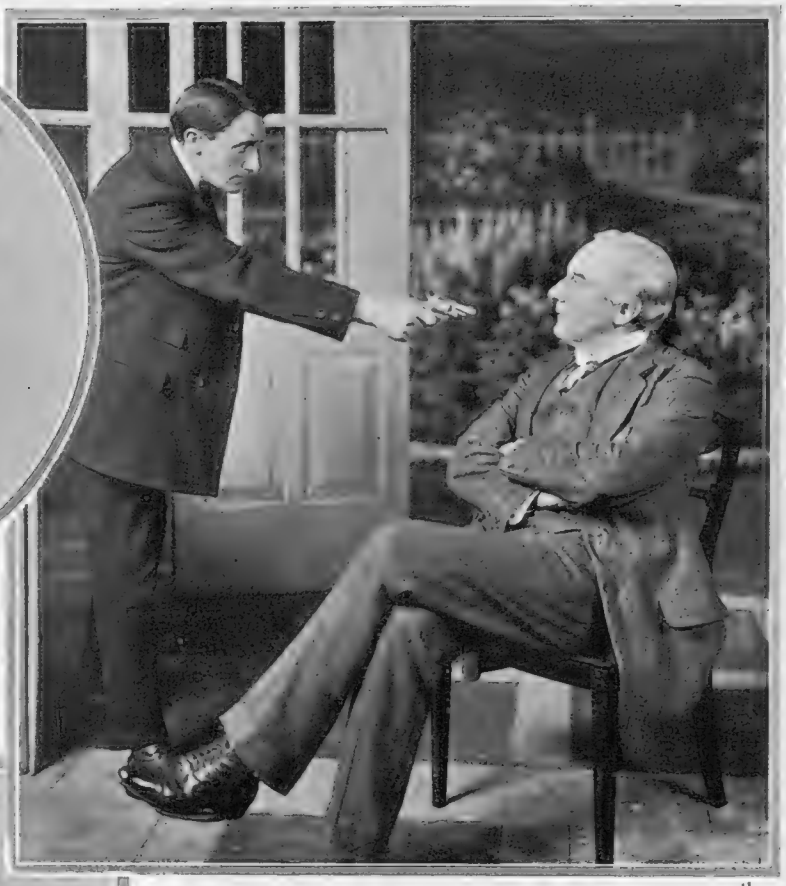
Perhaps our greatest emotional actress. She delighted everyone with her work as the lady acrobat with an unpronounceable name in *Misalliance*, and on the evening of the triple bill supplied in *Old Friends* and in *The £12 Look* the tragedy and the comedy at which she is equally adept

Photographs: Miss Miriam Lewes (Ellis and Walery); Mr. Sydney Valentine (Marie Leon); Miss Lena Ashwell (Bassano);

The Repertory Theatre a Shining Success

Miss Dorothy Minto

One of the youngest and cleverest actresses on the London stage. Her acting in Barrie's *Old Friends* was universally admired on the night of the third Repertory Theatre *première*



Mr. O. P. Heggie (left) and Mr. C. M. Lowne in "Misalliance"

The former's treatment of the part of a Socialistic clerk is superb. It is unquestionably one of the finest pieces of acting to be seen in London just now. Mr. C. M. Lowne considerably added to his reputation by his performance of John Tarleton in Mr. Shaw's fine comedy

Mr. Edmund Gwenn

A character actor of outstanding talent. His acting in *Justice* and in *The £12 Look* at the Repertory is a sheer delight. In the above picture he is shown as Straker in *Man and Superman*

Miss Fay Davis

Her portrayal of a Meredithian widow in the master's unfinished comedy, *The Sentimentalists*, enchants everyone who sees the triple bill at the Repertory. She also has created an excellent impression in Granville Barker's *The Madras House*

Miss Dorothy Minto (Rita Martin); Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Miss Fay Davis (Ellis and Walery)

Revels on the Riviera

The Riviera Rush

The Riviera season, as our French friends have it, beats its full. The hotels are packed, and, in the case of Monte Carlo, the *hôteliers* are wondering how on earth they are going to house the two hundred and fifty guests who are due here at the end of the month for the official inauguration of the Prince's Oceanographic Museum. It is impossible to find a vacant seat in a train *de luxe* coming from Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, and the crowd in the Rooms at Monte Carlo and the Grand Cercle at Nice beats all records. The *grande saison* has come late enough—but it has come with a vengeance.

Rougier's Pluck

The excitement over Rougier's flights from Monaco has been enormous, and on the day of his first aerial trip from Monaco Harbour to Cap Martin and back quite 20,000 people must have turned out to see him. A big reception, with bridge, a fortune-teller, and a "post-office" (at which each guest found a present awaiting him or her), was being held at the Métropole when Rougier went up the first time. "Rougier's flying to Cap Martin," shouted one of the guests, and bridge, palmist, and "post-office" were abandoned, and everyone rushed on to the terrace to see the aviator. He is a plucky fellow, for the "take-off" seemed almost impossible, and there was not a flier last winter who dared make an attempt to leave Monaco Harbour despite the enormous prizes offered by the Casino.

The German Empress, with her daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, enjoying a Walk in the Tiergarten at Berlin

A "Chantecler" Gala

It would take volumes to chronicle all that has been going on at Monte Carlo these last few days—parties in the restaurants, receptions in the big hotels, concerts, operas, tennis tournaments, and, of course, any amount of play of a big order. Day and night there is always something going on, and since the Café de Paris decided to cater for him "who suppeth late o' nights" Monte Carlo never seems to go to bed. There was great fun at the Café de Paris the other Saturday, when they gave a "Chantecler" gala, and distributed souvenirs among the revellers in the shape of live chickens, ducks, rabbits, and, of course, pigeons. Pigeon-shooting, by the way, has been chiefly remarkable of late for the ill-luck of the English sportsmen, and there was quite an excitement at the Tir the other afternoon when two Englishmen actually managed to divide quite a decent prize.

Monaco Botoring

The motor-boat meeting at Monaco, which begins on April 1, has a record number of entries, but among these there are only three English craft. The Duke of Westminster's *Ursula* (it was known last year as the *Wolseley-Siddeley*) should carry off the big prize. The Duke steered her himself last season, and will be at the helm again this year.

A Polo Dinner

Polo has never been more successful at Cannes than this year; indeed it is now one of the big attractions of the place. The other day two well-known players—Captain MacCulloch and Baron de Meyronnet St. Marc (locally known as the Polo Baron) were playing in different teams in a big match. "Let's have a bet about it," said the Captain, who, by the way, plays a capital game in spite of an injured leg. "The loser will stand a dinner." "All right," replied the Baron, "but let's make it the winner, not the loser." "Certainly," agreed Captain MacCulloch, who thought his team was a certain loser. But as events proved it wasn't, and a big dinner at the Hôtel Royal, Nice, was the result.

High Play at Mentone

Mentone has been giving itself up to tennis these last few days, Decugis carrying all before him, as he did at Monte Carlo. The Lawn Tennis Ball was an enormous success. There were a Shakespeare and a "coon" dance among other things, and all the well-known people of the district were present. When the Mentone Casino opened everyone prophesied failure for it, but it has proved an extraordinary success. People now gamble there instead of going over to Monte Carlo at night, and hundred louis banks are quite a common occurrence.

Roulette on the Sly

The visitor to Nice should pay a visit to one of the clandestine roulette establishments that still exist despite the efforts of the police. One of them consists of an old barn, in the middle of which the roulette table is set up. The players must exchange their money for counters, and the minimum stake is one franc. Watchers are stationed all round the barn and along the path leading to it, and should the police make a descent the proprietor is warned in sufficient time to have made his roulette table disappear and give place to a harmless table on which drinks are served until the guardians of the law have satisfied themselves that nothing illicit is in progress. These clandestine roulettes are worth a visit if only as an experience.

The Lady of the Flames

LA PIA IN HER REMARKABLE FIRE DANCE AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

La Pia has been delighting Palace Theatre audiences for some weeks past with her graceful dancing. Nothing finer in the way of fire dances has been seen in London. The lighting effects produce a scene that is weird and scintillating

"Greatest Modern War Minister"

SOME CLEAR THOUGHTS ABOUT "CLEAR THINKING"

(By a Military Correspondent, with whose views the Editor is not necessarily in agreement)

Haldanism Examined

MY object in writing this article is to give my readers an opportunity of inspecting a national dummy at close quarters. It is the military one, and Mr. Haldane is its putative parent. It looks a fierce little thing at a distance, but as one gets nearer the straw stuffing is apparent. One of its arms is labelled Territorial, the other Regular Army, the latter being in a somewhat shrunken condition. It is the result of a prolonged gestatory process of "clear thinking," and it seems a pity that, if Mr. Haldane resolved late in life to become the father of a legislative child, he should not have done better than this.

Even when this pledge of Mr. Haldane's mature political affections was ventriloquially crowing in its father's arms, many of us saw that the Territorial Force was going to be a rather expensive affair if it were ever to reach any useful strength and efficiency. But, strangely enough, while this expectation has been verified up to the hilt, Mr. Haldane and the Government to which he belongs exhibit not the smallest disposition to make any adequate provision for their hapless bantling. The truth is that it has been deliberately left upon the parish in the shape of the County Associations, whose repeated applications for its adequate financial support have fallen upon ears as deaf as those of the proverbial adder.

As an eminent soldier recently said, the present condition of the Territorial Army, under-trained, under-equipped with every sort of necessary, and threatened with worse starvation in the coming year, is one of hopeless despair. It is here that we get upon the tracks of the secret history of the military dummy. How was it manufactured and stuffed, and what was Mr. Haldane's share in the matter?

A Nation of Amateurs

Without seeking Mr. Haldane's depreciation it must be said that an extraordinary lot of balderdash has been talked about his great military work. Anyone capable of supposing that a big military organisation, however imperfect, could really be extracted from the brain of a genial and eminent lawyer would be equally logical in looking for a General Staff in the Law Courts or Lincoln's Inn. It is preposterous, but characteristic of a nation of amateurs.

How then are we to interpret that famous period of "clear thinking"? In this way. Mr. Haldane's prime mission was to cheapen the cost of our military forces. In pursuance of this rôle he watched over a council of highly paid experts while they destroyed the fine old Militia, our mainstay in every serious campaign; rechristened the Volunteers the Territorials, with the addition of an organisation which has yet to prove its efficiency; and cut down a number of fine Regular battalions and batteries to provide funds for the Territorials which the Government refused to find.

But as no available funds would go far enough the Force was foisted on to the County Associations, while to stimulate the flow of enthusiasm and funds, every conceivable means, from the exploitation of Royal influence downwards, was adopted to flatter the *amour propre* of the country gentlemen. What, indeed, was the use of dubbing the Force Territorial unless its funds were obtainable territorially?

But the boom is over. Mr. Haldane's attempt on behalf of his party to obtain an army on the cheap has failed, and, behind the veil, gloom and perplexity reign in official as well as military circles.

The Kitchener Puzzle

Of course, if we cared to set defence before pretence and humbug we should make use of the only men and methods that would give us a real live army instead of a stuffed dummy like Mr. Haldane's hapless offspring, whose straw internals are becoming more obstrusive every day. A German soldier, at present in London, referring to our military *régime*, the other day observed, "I am puzzled by you English. You have in your Field-Marshal Kitchener one of the finest organisers of the day at your disposal, and yet to him you prefer an elderly lawyer. *Himmel!* It is comic." And so it would be, were it not so exasperating.

But it is just because the man and his methods are so well known that every device suggested by an hysterical apprehension has been employed to keep him at a distance from the cheap stuffed dummy, as well as from the Selection Board. For as the Board has proved, under the Haldane *régime*, an extremely handy weapon for stimulating active adhesion to the dummy policy at the cost of relegation to the retired list, it would have been most awkward to have a strong and independent chief like the Duke of Connaught or K. of K. interfering with the action of so useful a purgative.

Kitchener in the Provinces

The bother is Lord Kitchener's universal prestige, to which he is constantly adding. At home, whether employed or not, he would be a perpetual skeleton at the feast of pretence. So his continued expatriation, in a series of gilded appointments, has to be devised at all costs, or his employment as a sort of Wandering Jew or Flying Dutchman, to be kept on the move till the crack of doom—the doom of pretence and the return of national sanity.

A LINESMAN.

"Bystander" Election Competition

PRIZE MOTOR-CAR AWARDED TO THE WINNER AT THE OFFICES, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE WINNER DRIVES AWAY IN HIS CAR

Mr. Alfred Taylor, J.P., of Malton, Yorks, winner of the Election Forecast Competition, at the wheel of the 4-cylinder 18 h.p. Bedford Motor-Car, presented to him by the proprietors of "The Bystander." Mr. Taylor, as already announced, prophesied a Liberal majority in votes of 400,000, the actual figures being 398,994. Mr. Taylor (seated with whom is the Editor of "The Bystander") subsequently proceeded for a short run in the car prior to taking it back with him to Malton

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SOME law should now be passed compelling a Government to remain in office for a minimum period. Two years, say. Anything short of that is humbugging the country.

* * *

LOOK at the present state of affairs. At any moment Mr. Asquith may present that dreariest of comedies, "General Election," and the whole country will have to turn up, if it is only to boo. The prospect is intolerable.

* * *

IF General Elections are to become fortnightly events, as seems not unlikely with parties so evenly divided, not only English capital, but English men, will have to emigrate. Personally, I shall make for one of those African Protectorates where the Prime Minister, as soon as he finds himself at the head of the polls, proceeds to cook and eat the Leader of the Opposition. This guarantees tenure of office for some time, anyway.

* * *

HOW pleasant it is to know that in Germany "nothing is done in secret or in a manner that might be hostile to another Power." Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg has said it, so now we know.

* * *

SOLILOQUY

Mr. Hamsquith: "Two Budgets or not two Budgets, that is the question"

By Harold H. Smith

ALL that the German Chancellor needs still to do, to complete our feeling of security, is to advertise:

Dockyards and Fortifications Open to Foreign Investigators. See them Now!

Naval Plans Forwarded Gratis on Receipt of Postcard. Send for One.

Banquets for Spies.

* * *

LIEUT. FILCHNER, the Bavarian officer who is going to head a German dash for the South Pole, is evidently of a sportsmanlike disposition. He is not going to try to best his English and American rivals by doing the trip in a Zeppelin airship.

* * *

HOW innately conservative we are in this country is shown by the fact that though half the Aero Exhibition at Olympia is composed of "British flying-machines and home-built engines, which are," says the *Mail*, "regarded as splendidly reliable," lots of English men and women would much prefer to go for a ride in a goat-chaise.

* * *

AT the dinner given to him by the Maccabæan Society Mr. Herbert Samuel declared that the wonder was, not that a Jew should now be a Cabinet Minister, but that many Jews had not already occupied that position. Is it, however, quite credible that the prospect of belonging to a Government that borrows its own money at 2½ per cent. would really tempt many Jews?

* * *

IT is expected that by the end of this year there will be a telephone to Mecca. Then American travellers who are unable to include this interesting spot in their itinerary will at least be able to speak right into the place where old man Mahomet was raised.

* * *

LORD HALSBURY, who has been presiding at the Court of Appeal, is creating a record—a contemporary points out—by being in his eighty-fifth year. This should be a consoling reflection to those who happen to have their appeals rejected in the course of the week.

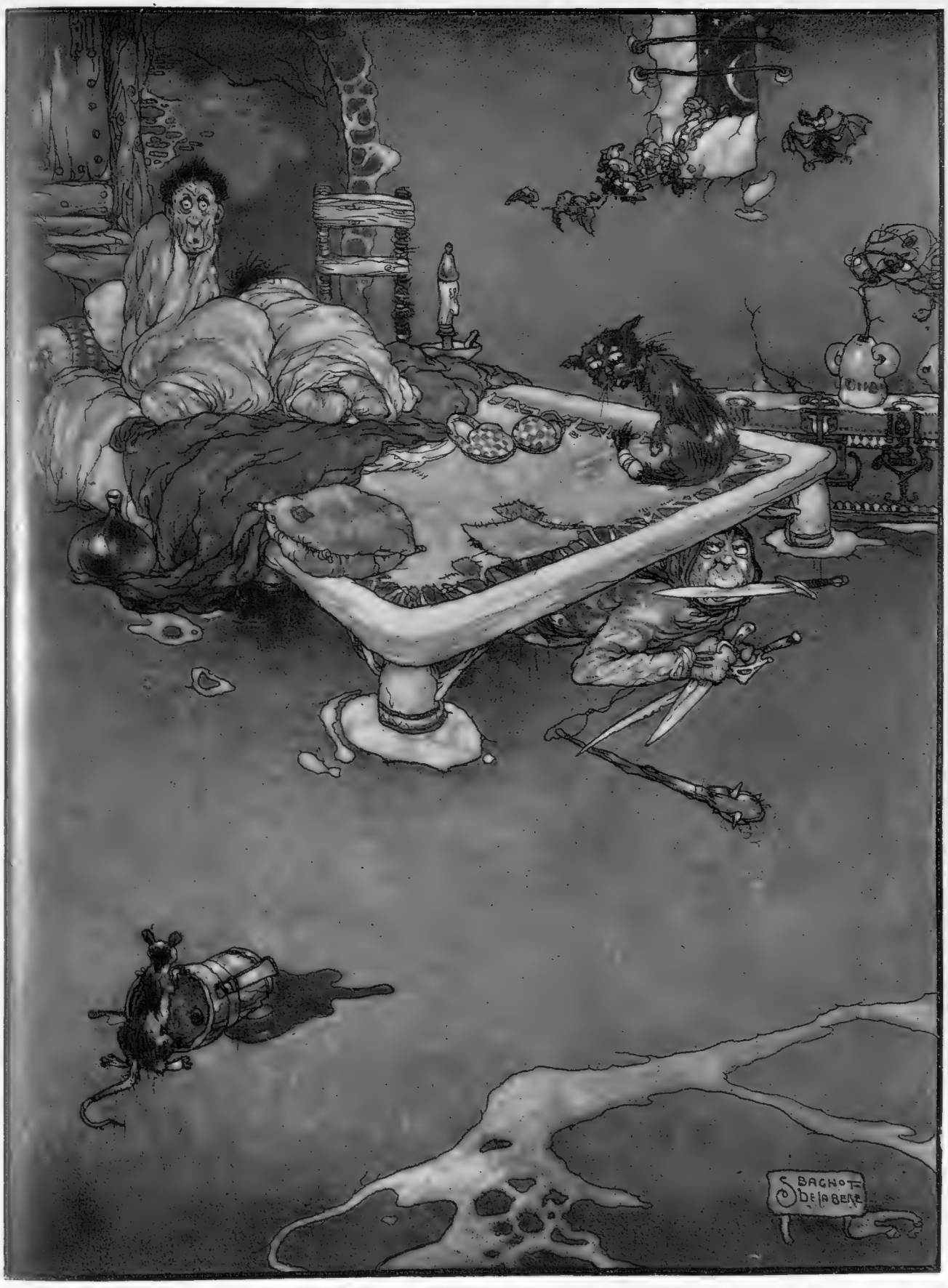
* * *

ACCORDING to a cablegram from the States, "Independence Square in Philadelphia during the great strike resembled a gigantic football field. There was, however, practically no bloodshed." Anyone who has seen an American football field will know that one or other of these statements is untrue.

* * *

"THE 'steeple' hat," says a contemporary, "with its immensely high crown and brim turned up front and back, is to be the spring fashion." No doubt the ladies (God bless them!), finding that the matinée hat gave such an impetus to acting, hope that the steeple hat will have a similar effect upon aviation.

Quaint Old Superstitions: No. 3



A CUP OF SACK AT SUNDOWN IS BETTER THAN A BANDIT UNDER THE BED

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE, R.I.

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE FIGHTING CHANCE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE moral of the new play at the Lyceum would seem to be that villains are very dangerous acquaintances. The villain of this piece is Captain Rivers, and he is represented by Mr. Eric Mayne, who has been long enough at the business to have acquired all the traditional accessories of stage wickedness—the perpetual sneer, the black moustache that has a habit of hiding away under the nose, and the gleaming teeth without which no villain is genuine. Captain Rivers is such an expert in sin that it seems to come quite natural to him. When he sets about ruining a rival he tells falsehoods as readily as other men would tell the truth; and it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that he is a gay deceiver as well, because a popular audience would never consider it had had its money's worth unless at quite an early part of the proceedings the villain had declined to proceed with a marriage that was already overdue. The lady in the case is called Joan, and she is daintily represented by Miss Phyllis Relph. Joan is really engaged to a busy millionaire, Stephen Blanchard, but as he has been called abroad he leaves Rivers to look after the young lady in his absence. Some years ago there was a popular song embodying a simple home-truth. I think the title of it was, "Never Introduce Your Donah to a Pal." The reasons for this worldly counsel were, if I remember rightly, set forth in the song with a directnes that left nothing to be desired; and Captain Rivers' behaviour in this play certainly justifies the timely warning.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

HAVING abandoned his first love, Rivers is a candidate for the hand of Ethel Hardy (Miss Ruth Maitland); but it appears that she has of late been cold and distant towards him. She may have heard something. This lady is being wooed also by Captain Jim Blanchard, the nephew of the millionaire who is engaged to Joan. We are, however, mostly concerned with the villain of the piece, as he has by far the most prominent part. This is, no doubt, quite in the natural order of things, as everybody knows that good men are in a minority in these days. The villain's first act is to try and disgrace Captain Jim in the eyes of Ethel Hardy. He begins by marking the cards at a game of poker, and when Captain Jim is scooping in his winnings, the villain, with his nicely accentuated sneer, calls attention to the fact that it is not difficult to win when you are playing with marked cards. What? On this account, Jim is compelled to hand in his papers just as his regiment is starting for India on active service, and, of course, he is troubled a good deal about it. Fortunately, however, he is able to dispose of the imputation of cowardice by enlisting in the ranks, to the loud and prolonged cheers of the gallery.

THEN the villain commits more wickedness. The millionaire returns to claim his bride, and she is obliged to confess that she can now never be his as she is, alas! not what he believes her to be. The millionaire is very much shocked, and asks his dear friend the villain if he knows the name of the man in the case. Naturally, the villain cannot miss a chance like that. After a little hesitation for the sake of form, he says that Captain Jim Blanchard is the man—and for quite a while after that you cannot hear much for the wild chorus of sibilation that rises from all parts of the house. The smart millionaire does not apparently think it worth while to cross-examine the villain as to how he came by his knowledge, though it is, I believe, pretty generally understood that the man and the woman in such cases do not usually take a third party into their confidence. Still, we all know what simple-minded creatures millionaires are, and Stephen Blanchard seems no exception to the rule.

THE third act takes us to the hills in India, where there has been fighting. To save time, the further virtues of the hero and the further vices of the villain are spoken of as having been manifested between the acts. The hero, as far as I could understand, rushed into the middle of the enemy's ranks and made a lot of them feel extremely unwell with the butt end of his gun, after which he carried his wounded captain to a place of safety; while the villain has added to our original dislike for him by firing on native women and children. As is usual in plays of this kind, a very small British force is surrounded by countless thousands of the enemy. The chief trouble is, however, that some of the principal characters, in their anxiety to join the rest of the company in the third act, have come to grief on the road. Joan and Ethel, who have developed into Red Cross nurses, have been detained by the enemy, while Stephen Blanchard has had a really unpleasant time. His eyes have been burned out, and his hands have been washed with quicklime until all the flesh has gone from them. When he arrived on the stage bearing evidences of this ill-treatment, the audience hardly knew whether to laugh or to cheer. Indeed, some of them, not wishing to seem behindhand

"THE FIGHTING CHANCE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: SKETCHES AT THE FRONT BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

in appreciating a joke, did actually begin to laugh, and had to be pulled up by the stern admonitions of their neighbours. Stephen Blanchard has come as a messenger from the enemy to say that the two ladies will be cheerfully given up in exchange for—Captain Rivers. It appears that the Afghans are moved by a strong desire to roast the sinful Captain over a slow fire, and to put him to other forms of discomfort designed to produce a lingering death. The villain, however, is consistent to the last, and he shoots himself rather than submit to the treatment prescribed.

WITH the opening of the fourth act in the enemy's camp the excitement becomes intense. It must be admitted that the story has been very well worked up, and although we all know beforehand how a play with such a setting is bound to end, the tension is not lessened on that account. We know that the two white women are prisoners in the Afghan camp, and we know, also, that the villain, who was alone able to save them, is no longer available. We cannot avoid noticing also that several of the Afghans, anxious for the fun to commence, and impatient at the delay shown by Rivers in turning up, are casting significant glances at the two white women, and are toying suggestively with an iron bar that is already red-hot at one extremity. Stephen Blanchard is on the stage before us as an eloquent example of the sort of work the natives can turn out when they really mean business, and it is not too much to say that the interest is kept well up to boiling point all the time. That, however, is where the hero, Captain Jim, comes in. One of the ladies in peril is she whom he loves, and how can man die better?—and all that sort of thing, as Horatius is reported to have said by his friend Macaulay. The act of heroism required is no ordinary one. Since the Afghans will only release the ladies in exchange for Rivers, it is clear that Captain Jim must pretend to be Rivers. And the Afghans are spending the interval in thinking up for the benefit of their expected guest special little forms of torture that rival some of the penalties of the Mohammedan gehenna. Therefore, after we have been sedulously primed up with an outline of the awful fate to which the hero is consigning himself in order to save the ladies from harm, you can imagine the kind of applause that greets him as he comes on the stage ready to deliver himself into the enemy's hands. The roof rattled from the shock. The last act includes a remarkably brilliant and effective stage picture of a fight—one of the best I remember to have seen. The costumes of the Afghans make a fine splash of colour against the sober tint of the hills, and the ferocity of the native soldier and his lust for blood on the instalment system are most vividly suggested. The arrival of the relieving force is postponed to the very last moment consistent with artistic effect, and then the impression created by the distant skirl of the Gordons' bagpipes must be felt to be appreciated. Messrs. Smith and Carpenter evidently know what their public wants, and they seem to be able to keep the vintage on tap in the cellar all the time. *The Fighting Chance* may be relied upon to fill the Lyceum for some time to come.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE ALHAMBRA

THE new Alhambra ballet, *The Polar Star*, is quite a dream of beauty in the third scene, in which we see the Polar regions glistening with sheets of ice and inhabited by graceful dancing girls in fur-trimmed skirts. An element of humour is introduced in the shape of a dance of penguins, which is very amusing, but hardly, I should have thought, suitable in a ballet. I know that a great many people go to see a ballet out of sheer reverence for choreographic Art, because I have been told so; but I suspect that one or two of the unregenerate go there only to see the pretty girls, and when a pretty girl is dressed as a very faithful representation of a penguin, she does not have a chance to do herself justice. No doubt the management have been inspired by the wish to be up to date, but if a ballet is anything at all it should be, I think, the embodiment of poetry; and modern sensations do not lend themselves very successfully to poetic reverie. I should have thought the Alhambra, with the wealth of Moorish tradition that its decorative architecture suggests, would deal more successfully with ballets founded on some of the old tales of the Arabian Nights, especially as they offer an unlimited scope for splendid and beautiful display; and, as the plot would be familiar to most of the audience, it would be easy to follow. At the same time, I will cheerfully admit that the managers of the Alhambra probably know their own business best.

JINGLE.

Emotional Statuary

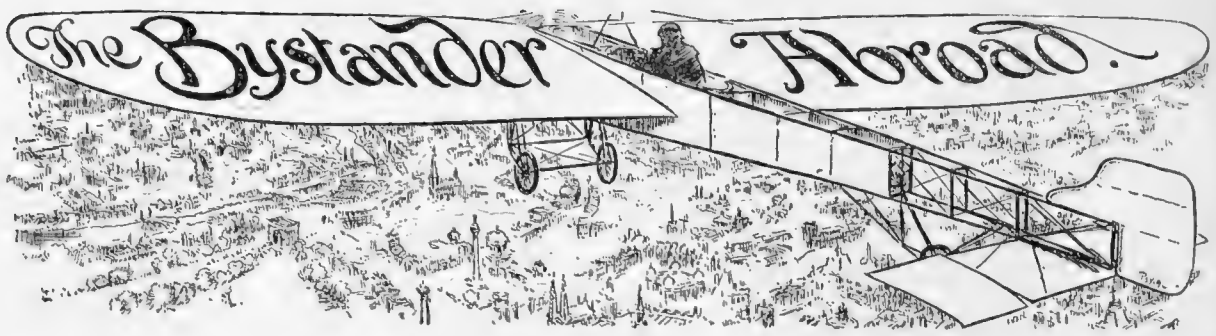
SCULPTURE THAT EXCITED DIVERSE COMMENTS IN BERLIN

PAIN: BY OTTO RIESCH

LOVE: BY OSCAR GARVENS

THE MOURNER: BY PAUL NEBEL

These remarkable figures, which were exhibited in a Berlin art gallery not long ago, were the subject of much excited discussion. The conceptions, it was agreed on all hands, were very fine, but the execution came in for a great deal of adverse comment on the ground that it was much too daring



FOR the great firm of Krupp to be attacked by Admiral von Tirpitz in the German Reichstag is surely a decided change for the head of the house of armaments which has so long enjoyed unrivalled Imperial patronage. The Kaiser could not have been more *aux petits soins* with Krupp had he been a brother Emperor. Naturally, he has made his friend pay a heavy price for his privileges. But could any price be too heavy for Krupp? Surely he has had value for his money!

Krupp and His Friend William

At Essen everything spells Krupp! And at Kiel, the whole place appears to belong to him! Even as you approach, the deafening noise of hammer and steel reminds you that "Krupp" is a power which has to be recognised. Socially, too, at Kiel, Krupp counts. There stands the statue of the famous founder of the family in company with William I. and Bismarck, all three benefactors of humanity. "*Ach!* but Kiel is spoilt for want of a good, comfortable hotel," said William to his friend Krupp. "That want shall be supplied, sire," replied Krupp to his friend William. And immediately did the faithful Krupp start building an hotel which vies with any in Germany for comfort and luxury. There are only sixty rooms in this delightful palace, but there are 150 servants to attend to the guests. Money is no object. The proprietor is quite satisfied with the average profit of sixpence per day! The Emperor has honoured the proprietor by visiting every corner of his friend's "hobby," and offered suggestions for its improvement. Oh! but it is cold and sombre this Seebadeanstalt—as sombre and cold as the steel armaments which supplied the £200,000 to pay for it. "Kiel needs a Yacht Club," said William to his friend Krupp. "That want shall be supplied, sire," replied Krupp to his friend William. And immediately William's friend started building a club-house, which is supposed to resemble and eclipse Cowes in grandeur. There are State rooms for William's use, furnished in his own style, but his taste in art is very Germanic! A life-sized oil painting of Krupp is also among the treasures. Thirty-seven different brands of champagne are supplied, and no doubt the profits are quite as satisfactory as at the hotel! The Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is also a friend of Krupp, and his company has had at times to repay some special debt. The Emperor, however, specially honoured the family of Krupp when, at the unveiling of the statue of the ancestor, he publicly kissed Frau Krupp's hand. These are a few notes about the family the Government has seen fit to attack. Admiral von Tirpitz described in detail the steps which were being taken to induce other firms to

OUR ARTIST IN THE EAST: THE COOLIE, LAHORE
By Edward Bergman

OUR ARTIST IN THE EAST: THE SINGAPORE DENTIST

By Edward Bergman

enter into competition with Essen. And in this matter the Kaiser cannot protect his friend.

A Youthful Leader of Men

The visit of Enver Bey to England, *viâ* Paris and London, enabled me to have the pleasure of once more meeting this remarkable young man. It is difficult to realise that one so youthful in appearance, and quite as much in reality (for he is only twenty-eight), should have already, two years ago, led the Revolution which has changed Turkey into a Constitutional Monarchy. There is not a line on his brow, not a line of care, and his warm, Oriental smile would lead one to suppose that he had never had a trouble to make him a day older, or a danger to cause him an hour's concern. Yet there is no man in Turkey whose presence is more reassuring to his fellow Ottomans, or who in the moment of danger can count on thousands rallying to his call. One might think he had the oratory of a Gambetta, who was also comparatively young when he took charge of the destinies of his country, but young Enver has no pretensions to doing more than to say what he has to say with concise military brevity. He speaks French, as all well educated Ottomans do, but not as well as German, which he learnt as a student at the Berlin Military Academy. Turkey has so many nationalities that to call anyone a Turk who is a subject of the Sultan tells nothing but the fact of a political allegiance. The Albanians, although Moslems, are not Turks by race. Their language belongs to the Indo-European group, and they are as given to family feuds and petty warfare as their Slav neighbours. But they are the proudest of the Balkan races, and have much of the Arab courtesy and hospitality. It is they who practically rule Turkey, producing her finest men and her most honest administrators. It is to this race that Enver Bey belongs, though he is a small man, whereas the characteristic Albanian is tall and lithe of limb.

A Faked Photograph

In The Bystander of February 23 there appeared, I am sorry to say, a photograph of King Alfonso and Señor Maura, entitled "Cabinet-Making in Spain." I have the authority of the Spanish Ambassador for saying that this photograph is a fake. It was made by placing two negatives together, and was published by certain Spanish papers for a political purpose. These papers have all been prosecuted. I am very sorry indeed that these facts were unknown when the picture was purchased from a photographic agency, and express my regret that it should have been reproduced in The Bystander. My Spanish readers will, I am sure, appreciate that my intentions in using the picture were innocent of any political bias.

OUR ARTIST IN THE EAST: A CHINESE EATING SHOP, SINGAPORE

By Edward Bergman

BÊTE FAUVE

A FRAGMENT

By MARIE T. E. SANDWITH

". . . And so you are frightened of me? I did not know I was such a terrifying person." There was a gleam of satisfaction in the blue eyes which he kept steadily averted. Was he not human—not a man? Should not he feel secretly elated that this woman, utterly desirable in his eyes, this woman, who was accustomed to see men drop before her like ninepins, should appear before him as timid as a schoolgirl, as submissive, as humble as—a woman of no account?

"What I should like best," he went on in his even voice, "is for you to go back to your husband."

"That is a lie," she broke in with unpleasant directness. The correct Englishman in him winced at her unconventionality, but he made no reply. "And if I did," she continued, "what would be the good—what can I be to him?"

"You can at least be a mother to his children." But even as he said the words he was conscious of their hollowness—to make her the mother of his—*his* children; had not this been the desire of his heart ever since he first saw her? She remained silent.

"The romance of love," he went on, "that wild happiness one feels when one is engaged, does not last——"

"Now you have hurt me—hurt me," she broke in fiercely. "Now I wish I had never met you." His words cut like knives, a sharp pang of jealousy went through her heart, a lump was rising in her throat, scalding tears blinded her eyes. Had he, then, loved someone before her? Had he lied to her? Did he think she had lied to him? Her mind went back to that day in June when he had suddenly faced her, searched her through and through with his fierce, blue eyes, and had said, "Be true to yourself," when his look had said as plainly as words, "You are the love of my life—the only one, and I know I am yours, and although we shall never belong to each other, that love cannot die."

But, because of the greatness of her love, she dare not make use of the weapons he had forged against himself. Silently she walked by his side, conscious only of the nearness of their parting—in five minutes he would have gone. Piteously she turned to him. "You are not vexed with me? Have you ever been vexed with me?"

"Vexed? No!" he replied, without looking at her. "Only when you are unreasonable. And now, good-bye. I have an engagement." Ah, to do his will, to be well thought of by him, even though it tore the ground from beneath her feet!

"And you would rather I never wrote?"

"Well, perhaps it would be more honest"—and he had gone.

Like one dazed she walked through the crowded streets, heedless of the traffic around her. Life lay far behind her. Like a dream-walker she found her way home. Mechanically she took out her latch-key and let herself into the dingy rooms where her evening meal awaited her. At the sight of it she laughed aloud—at the irony of life. Ah, what signified oneness of soul! How immeasurably far apart they were! She thought of him, returning to his well-appointed house, to his life of ease, such as had been hers hitherto, such as she had taken for granted, such . . . as she did not need. And with a little satisfied pride she reflected that he would never know how she had parted with her last trinket in order to be able to afford herself the luxury of his society. Ah, how little they knew of each other's lives!

. . . . . .

She rang the bell, and ordered the astonished maid to remove the untouched meal. Then she locked the door, and, childishly, recklessly, broken-hearted, she threw herself on the floor.

"Davey, Davey," she cried, her body shaken by passionate, tearless sobs, "you are mine; you belong to me!"

. . . . . .

Hour after hour passed. The fire was dead. The clock struck two. Wearily she raised her head and stared into the empty grate. "The romance of love does not last." What? Did he think? Ah, to tell him all! The story of her life—ah, to explain. . . . Oh, God, not that. Had she fallen so low? Betray another's soul? No, not that; not such a price. . . . With something like a smile in her eyes she rose, took his photograph from its hiding-place, and held it passionately to her heart. "No, not that—he knows—for love—such as his—hath all understanding."

THE FOOL

The labourer blew on the frothing ale,
  Saying "This is the stuff for me";
The mariner thought of the tight-reeled sail
  And the smell of the spuming sea.
The fool looked out from the window wet,
And puffed blue smoke from his cigarette.

The subaltern patted his silver sword,
  And he prayed for at least a chance;
The usurer counted the ill-got hoard
  That he'd garnered in "high finance."
The fool strolled forth in his dandy suit,
And flicked the dust from his patent-boot.

The labourer's broken and red and blear;
  You can guess how the seaman died;
An assegai finished the sub's career;
  And the usurer's caught and tried.
The fool lives still at the same address,
And learns their fates in the public press.

B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

The Trout Propagating Industry

Photograph *Clarke and Hyde*

MR. DONALD CARR, THE CHIEF RANGER ON BLAGDON LAKE, NEAR BRISTOL, WITH AN ASSISTANT CATCHING TROUT FOR SPAWNING

After the trout have been caught in the river they are brought up and put into long cemented "runs," and are afterwards fished out as required for spawning. Many of the trout weigh upwards of six pounds, and are some of the finest in England

Our "Humanities" Department: 3rd Instalment

LITTLE DEARS OF RUSSIA, SWEDEN, DENMARK, AND ROUMANIA

A Future King and Commander-in-Chief

A new and exclusive portrait of little Prince Gustaf-Adolf of Sweden. THE BYSTANDER is keenly aware of the intense indignation likely to be aroused by the publication of this little dear's portrait in four consecutive issues

An Imperial Drummer

A shapshot of the Tsarevitch (taken by the Tsar) on board the Imperial yacht *Standart*. This utterly remarkable portrait derives a sentimental interest from the fact that it was taken by the Tsar. Whether the august father enjoyed the noise of the drum is doubtful

Little Prince Knud

The younger son of the Crown Prince of Denmark and the latest celebrity to have his name coupled with the ancient yarn which finishes, "I can't find the cane, but here are two stones you can throw at me"

Sweden's Youngest Prince

A new and exclusive portrait (the first) of little Prince Gustav-Lennart, with his parents, Prince and Princess Wilhelm of Sweden

Roumania's Growing Future Ruler

A charming snapshot of the Crown Princess and her elder son, Prince Karol, who is growing quite a big boy

The Power of the Dog

By Oliver Sandys

DAPHNE had only met five men in the whole of her twenty-one years, and they were as strangers to her. She reflected on this as she shot a half-curious glance at the only other occupant of the first-class compartment, a man of about thirty-six. This face appealed to her sensibilities, but her instinct warned her against it. Her experience was limited by the convent wall that had bounded her sources of knowledge ever since she was four years old. Her interest in what lay before her, when the metropolis—dreamt of, read of, but never seen—was reached, merged in a study of the stranger. She liked his darkness; she was so fair. She liked his thin, resolute lips, guessed that they were cruel, but approved their masculinity.

Only five men! This one looked so different from the others. There had always been one of the nuns in the room when lessons under masculine direction were progressing. Now, for the first time in her life, she was alone with a man. She was keenly, albeit innocently, alive to the fact, for she was very womanly though but a child.

The express train swung on. Daphne saw that the man was looking at her, and blushed, but did not avert her eyes.

"I see that you have no luncheon-basket," he said. "Mine is a particularly large one. Shall we share it?"

Daphne was hungry. "How kind of you! I don't know much about travelling, or I——." Diffidence brought her to a stop. The stranger was smiling.

"You are very young," he observed, as one might to a child.

"I'm twenty-one. But—isn't it funny?—you're the only man I've ever spoken to alone in all my life! It isn't wrong, is it? If I haven't much conversation, you will understand." She commenced upon her chicken with schoolgirl relish.

"Tell me about yourself," he said. "It's not wrong to be unconventional. By such means one can start where very many people leave off."

"I don't think I quite understand that," she deliberated. "You mean one can set aside little sillinesses and how do you do's?"

"Something like that. And so you've just left school? Were there no holidays?"

"I always stayed at the convent. Now the solicitors have sent for me. I am to live in London if I wish. I'm free!"

She stretched out her arms with a glad gesture that was a little foreign, and had, perhaps, a touch of animalism in it.

"Yes," she went on in answer to his question; "my mother is dead. I couldn't cry, because, you see, one can't love a mother who is never with one. . . . I don't know why. I think she meant to have me when I was older. She was very pretty. Look!"

Daphne opened a small locket attached to a slender chain. Her companion glanced at the miniature.

"What! Léonara dead?" he exclaimed involuntarily. "She can't be, surely——"

"Who is Léonara?" Daphne queried innocently. "Is she somebody like my mother?"

"Léonara was a sweet, frail dancer," he answered. "The adored of London and Paris."

Having said so much, discretion prompted him to silence. His lips closed in a firm line.

"My mother's name was Le Sieur. Who was this dancer?"

Her likeness to the pictured mother, her curious resemblance to the dancer—some of the latter's traits that showed in speech and eyes—convinced him of her identity, if not of that of the two women. But it was not his business to disclose that connection.

"You are going to live in London?" he asked.

Had she known her book of the world she would have noticed a subtle change in his manner. It was as though enlightenment concerning the mother had lessened his respect towards the daughter.

"Yes. London is a good place to begin to see the world in. I had a horror at the convent that they might want to make me a nun. Do I bore you, talking about myself?"

"You couldn't do that."

He regarded her with enhanced interest. That she was innocent was obvious. He knew her type. She was frail, but her frailty was undeveloped.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked with sudden reserve. In spite of her inexperience, the fact that she had been talking to and lunching with a man, and a stranger, in this unnaturally natural manner, disturbed her.

(Copyright, 1909, by Oliver Sandys, in the United States)

"Because I am an artist, and I should like to paint you."

His keen eyes swept her with critical approval. She felt afraid. His gaze seemed to mean, "I intend to paint you." She resented it—felt weak, sought refuge in a simulation of strength, and picked up her book.

"Thank you for letting me share your lunch. I've enjoyed it so much."

"And is that why you are going to read?"

She put her book down.

"You made me feel like a snail; I went into my shell."

"What is your Christian name?"

"Daphne."

"Well, then, Daphne, although I am comparatively a stranger to you, do you want to meet me again?"

His compelling eyes held hers.

"I don't know."

"Think."

He continued to look at her. The colour mounted to her cheeks.

"I think—yes."

"Well, when you want me"—again that half-cynical, half-careless tone in his voice—"here I am." He handed his card to her.

"John Stanier!" she exclaimed. "Why, you are the famous portrait-painter! We heard—knew that even at the convent! Then you *can* paint me," she added with feminine inconsistency.

"Why the change? Just now you hesitated."

"Because I have read that you put the souls of your sitters on the canvas. And I should like to see mine," she answered. "Portrait of Daphne Le Sieur!"

"No, you shall have a title. 'Frailty, thy name is——' Here we are. Anyone to meet you? Then I'll see to your things and put you in a cab."

Daphne drove off in a whirl of mixed emotions. Her conversation with Stanier had stimulated her. She felt she had grown older during the last two hours than in the whole slow passage of time at the convent. Were all men so curiously, subtly fascinating as he? And if so——. Analysis stopped short here. The cab drew up at the address her solicitor had given her—her dead mother's house. She caught her breath with surprise at the unexpected luxury that her eyes beheld. Here was a house to live in, a dream of soft carpets and colours, delightful pictures, beautiful furniture! As the footman attended to her luggage, and a butler, discreet, sombre-faced, escorted her to the drawing-room, she found herself wondering if it was really hers.

"Mr. Clarges arrived a few minutes ago. He is waiting for you in the drawing-room, Miss," said the man.

Mr. Clarges was the solicitor with whom she had been in communication. He came forward now, a little, fussy, bustling man.

"Welcome home, Miss Daphne," he said with half-mournful cordiality. "You are very like your mother." He darted her a half-apprehensive glance of admiration.

"Am I? Of course, you know, I have not seen my mother for years and years. I should like to know all about her, Mr. Clarges; and my father and my affairs, now."

Mr. Clarges looked uncomfortable. "Mrs. Le Sieur died a fortnight ago. She has left everything to you. This house and furniture, and an income which will bring you in about £1,600 a year. She left a sealed letter for you, too." He handed an envelope to her. She read the superscription with some emotion.

"To Daphne, my daughter, to be read by her after my death."

"Thank you," she said. "I will read it—later."

"There is very little more to be said," proceeded Mr. Clarges; "but if I may be permitted to advise, I think something in the shape of a chaperone——"

"Of course," said Daphne.

Her mouth hardened all the same. A chaperone—never! She was aching to be alone in the house, to explore it, read her mother's letter, plan out her new life—and think of Stanier. But this she did not admit to herself. She said, in her mind, that, of course, she would be unlikely to see him again, yet—something very strange had happened to her in the train. It was not love. It was—she could not define it.

Mr. Clarges took his departure, and Daphne was left in possession. She rambled over the house, exploring it, not without a certain tinge of sadness. Her mother, whom she had scarcely known, had lived in it. Why had she never had her home for holidays? Why had her father never been mentioned to her?

She opened a door and went into a room that intuition told her had been her mother's favourite. Everything in it was costly and exquisite—treasures, pictures, *bibelots*. A bedroom led out of it—the most beautiful bedroom Daphne had ever seen. The carpet was white, rose-bordered, the hangings of old rose brocade, the furniture Empire. A safe stood in one corner. Mr. Clarges had given her a bunch of keys; she selected the one that fitted, and opened it. Velvet box upon velvet box containing jewellery of all kinds, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, she found there.

Daphne turned them out, and touched them lovingly. How very rich her mother must have been! So many jewels, such lovely things! She remembered the letter in her pocket, drew it out, opened it. The light was going. Daphne took it to the window and read:

"My Dear Daphne, My Child,—Although, as I write this, you are only seventeen, and I am in the best of health, caution prompts me to begin a letter that you will read only when I am dead. For your own sake and mine I hope it may not reach you for many years. Certain things must be told you when you are a woman and have left school, but in case of accident or death, I write them now.

"You will be old enough to understand and (if the long training you have received among charitable women avails anything) to pity without comprehending the manner of woman I am. I am frail, Daphne, a lover of men and admiration—a drunkard for love. I am Léonara, the dancer, and I have danced through life, floated along life's rapids, tasted the joy of the swift current, and hurt myself on the rocks that stud it. I have never been wise except in one thing. I sent you away from me, so that my associations should not taint you, my life or name reflect on yours. You, at least, must have grown up good and strong. Dear little girl (whom I love so utterly and tenderly that I found strength to deny you to myself), I have not been a good woman. My greatest punishment is to have to tell you so. Forgive me, Daphne. In the hour of temptation some women are so weak . . . and I am one of those. You will wonder, doubtless

(Continued on page 552)

Our Social Portrait Gallery: Oriental Section

PRINCESS NAIYME OF TURKEY

Second daughter of the ex-Sultan, photographed in the dress she wore on her pilgrimage to Mecca, from which she has just returned

(Continued from page 550)

you have wondered, about your father. Of him I have nothing to tell you."

Daphne felt her childhood slipping from her—here, now, in this room.

"Soon you will have to go into the world. When you do you must be strong. Friends will come to you because of your youth and beauty and your loneliness. Some of them will be sincere. Learn to discriminate. Make friends of women, because they are your worst enemies. Of men, be very circumspect. To a woman like myself they are easy books to read; to a girl, only their bindings appeal. Daphne, you *must* be strong. Do not play with life. Do not dally with love. Guard yourself so that my frailty may not be yours. Forgive me; think of me as the mother who, after all, has loved you, and who, with her last prayer, will ask that you may be delivered from temptation, the snarer, and—the power of the dog."

Daphne re-read the letter, half-understanding, incredulous. At school, sometimes, they had talked at night of life and the larger world. One of the girls had spoken—in lowered tones—of women who. . . . And their price was gold and jewels. Daphne's eyes went to the overflowing glitter of precious stones on the table. The price of her mother's soul! With a strangled sob she knelt down, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, mother! You can't be all that! I . . ."

She sobbed on pitifully. One sentence of the letter echoed and re-echoed in her mind. "The power of the dog!" What did that mean? The dog—the power of the dog? She shuddered. Without comprehending the meaning of the phrase, she felt its sinister meaning. She got up, she put away the jewels, then rang the bell, and asked to see the housekeeper. The housekeeper was motherly. For the moment her presence comforted Daphne. But the next day solitude came upon her again in full force. She felt alone in the world. Mrs. Clarges called, a fussy person who fidgeted Daphne. Her sole conversation centred round the chaperone subject. Daphne chafed under it. The next week brought more callers—friends of her mother's. They were more to Daphne's liking. They were theatrical and a little tawdry, but she had no experience of this class, and thought them smart. She craved for something unknown, unexplainable, but it associated itself with the stranger in the train. She wanted to see him, and yet fought against the desire. Her mother's words, "of men be very circumspect," holding her back.

Then, one day, as was inevitable, she wrote:

"Dear Mr. Stanier,—You can come and see me if you like.—Daphne Le Sieur."

The reply came, cryptic and like the man:

"My Dear Child,—You had far better come to my studio to-morrow afternoon. I am going to paint you.—S."

Daphne could no more have resisted the call when it came than her mother, whose inherent weakness was hers.

Stanier took the continuance of their acquaintance as entirely natural. He was an artist in emotions as well as in paint. He understood each woman he painted.

For a week she came regularly and sat to him. Stanier did not make love to her, but she knew that he was going to. And she knew, too, that she loved him, not whole-heartedly and with the purity that is almost virginal, but with a passion that was stronger than either.

One day as she was leaving, he called her back.

"Daphne!"

She turned.

"I've been so busy painting you that I haven't had time to talk. Tell me about yourself."

She told him—nearly all; not about her mother, except to admit her identity.

"I oughtn't to be coming here," she ended.

He looked at her oddly. "How would you like to live here always?"

He read her answer in her eyes. "My dear child," he observed, "you've fallen in with a brute man. I've precious little affection in me apart from my love of art. I've got to paint and paint alone. But you call to me, just as I call to you. Now that this is done"—Stanier waved his hand towards the sheeted picture—"you and I musn't see each other, unless you are prepared to take the risk. I suppose you know men who would like to marry you?"

Daphne did, and had refused them. There was no room for any but Stanier in her heart just then.

"I don't want to marry," she answered, her eyes on the ground.

He surveyed her with the look of the conqueror.

"No? We'll say good-bye, after you've had a look at your picture."

He removed the sheet from the canvas, which he had never let her look at, and allowed her to study it. "Frailty, thy name is——" he quoted.

Daphne saw herself, and yet not herself—a slim figure clad only in the one white garment in which she had posed. It seemed slipping from her. Over her shoulder her head was turned to the door, and in her eyes was the look of one who is expectant, yet fearful.

What Daphne saw—what the picture implied—made her suddenly self-conscious, ashamed that she had allowed herself to be painted there.

"It's very good," she stammered. "I hope it will bring you still more success. Good-bye."

All he did was to bend forward and kiss her—her first kiss from a man. She left the studio with it hot on her lips, searing her heart, eating into her memory.

Once again she began the old struggle to dismiss him from her thoughts. Though weeks passed, his kiss still burnt on her lips. She dreamt of it at night. No distraction effaced it, and the bohemian set and life she had drifted into, in spite of remonstrances from worthy Mrs. Clarges, did nothing to drive the incident from her memory.

Though she had courted it with open eyes, she was resolved not to own her weakness. She had little hope of hearing from Stanier, but she did. A note came from him late one afternoon:

"Am coming to see you to-night. Will look in after dinner. If you do not want to see me, tell your servants to say so. I shall not be offended."

The words sapped her strength, yet left her in a transport of delight. He was coming! He was coming! What mattered anything—what people said, what the world thought? He was a famous man, and was privileged to ignore conventions. She was his choice—instinct told her that—and she was almost proud, though dimly she guessed what his choice meant.

Oliver Sandys.

The Church of Two Thousand Statues

AMONGST THE SPIRES OF MILAN CATHEDRAL

Photograph *G. R. Ballance*

Among the great number of public edifices that adorn Milan, the most remarkable is the Duomo or cathedral, situated almost in the centre of the city, in the Piazza del Duomo, next to St. Peter's at Rome the grandest and largest in Italy. It is built of white marble in Gothic style, and is remarkable for the extreme lightness of its construction. It is surmounted by a dome 220ft. high and by a tower of 360ft., and is ornamented externally by eighteen turrets, 2,000 marble statues, and much exquisite carving. The interior is 159yds. long by 61yds. broad, and the nave, 155ft. high, is supported by fifty-two columns. Its form is that of a Latin cross, divided into five naves. Around the roofs and sides are 4,600 niches, of which many are occupied by statues. The building is adorned with more than a hundred beautiful spires

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

Lord Fitzhardinge with his Favourite Cat

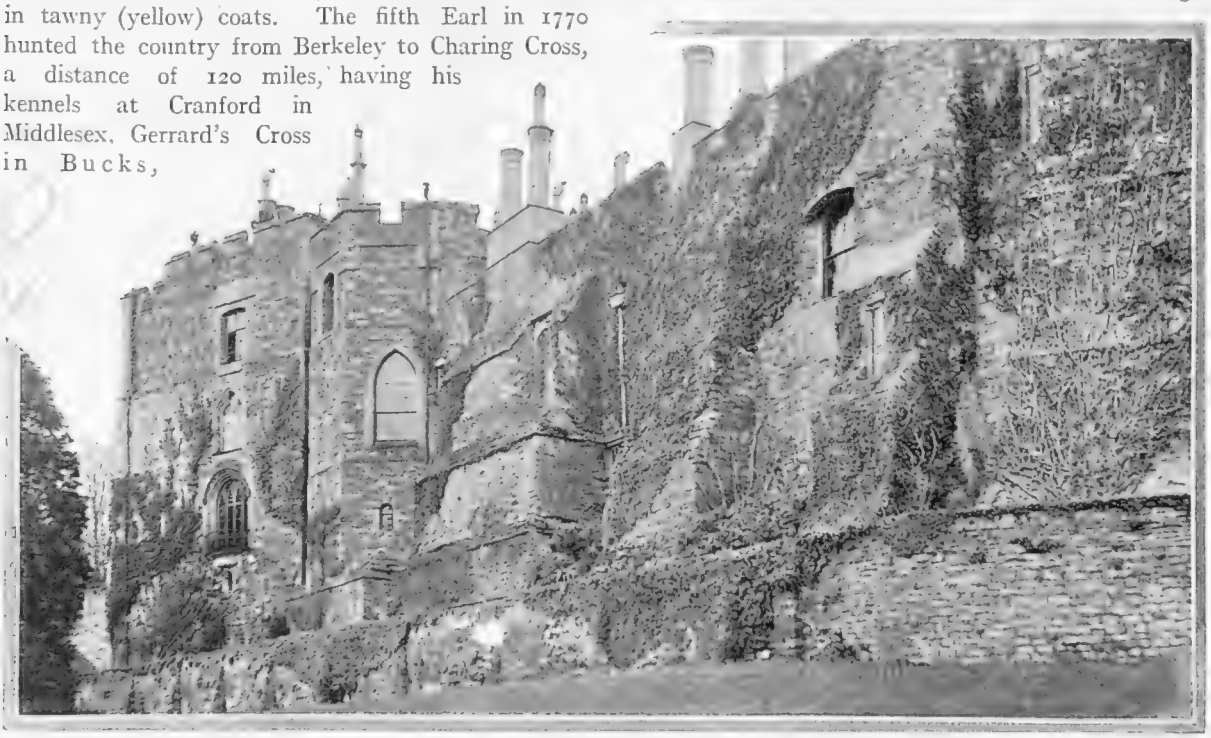
(*Written and Illustrated by* LEONARD WILLOUGHBY)

No. XIV.

The Berkeley

Lord Fitzhardinge Ready for the Hunt

THE ancient family of Berkeley, of which Lord Fitzhardinge of Berkeley Castle is the head, is not only an exceedingly historic one, but also the oldest hunting family in England. This is saying a good deal. It was to Roger de Berkeley, who fought at the battle of Hastings, that the Conqueror gave vast lands in Gloucestershire, while his successor built, in Henry I.'s reign, the famous Castle at Berkeley, where he lived and hunted the deer. In the fourteenth century a Lord Berkeley hunted from the village of Charing — now Charing Cross—and had thirty of his huntsmen dressed in tawny (yellow) coats. The fifth Earl in 1770 hunted the country from Berkeley to Charing Cross, a distance of 120 miles, having his kennels at Cranford in Middlesex, Gerrard's Cross in Bucks, Nettlebed in Oxfordshire, and at Berkeley Castle. This Earl died in 1810, having previously given up a large portion of his country to the Old Berkeley Club, and which Hunt wear to this day the tawny coats as then worn. Colonel Berkeley, his son, who became Earl Fitzhardinge, established in 1807 the pack which hunts the present Fitzhardinge country. He hunted the country with great liberality and magnificence, and built splendid kennels and stables. He died in 1857, when his brother, Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, succeeded, and was created, in 1861, Baron Fitzhardinge.



Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire: The Residence of Lord Fitzhardinge

Two excellent portraits of the owner of this famous castle are given above. Lord Fitzhardinge, who has hunted regularly four days a week and shot the other two days, is a remarkably fine shot, and rears a very large head of pheasants. Yet, though his coverts swarm with pheasants, so also do they with foxes, which disposes of the fallacy that pheasants and foxes cannot both be reared successfully. A great race are the Berkeleys—soldiers, landowners, statesmen, and sportsmen, men who have helped to make history and to make sport what it is and what it should be. Not the least of them, by any means, is Charles Paget Berkeley, third Baron Fitzhardinge, who, all his long life, has been a true sportsman, a generous landlord, a firm friend, and a great lover of animals

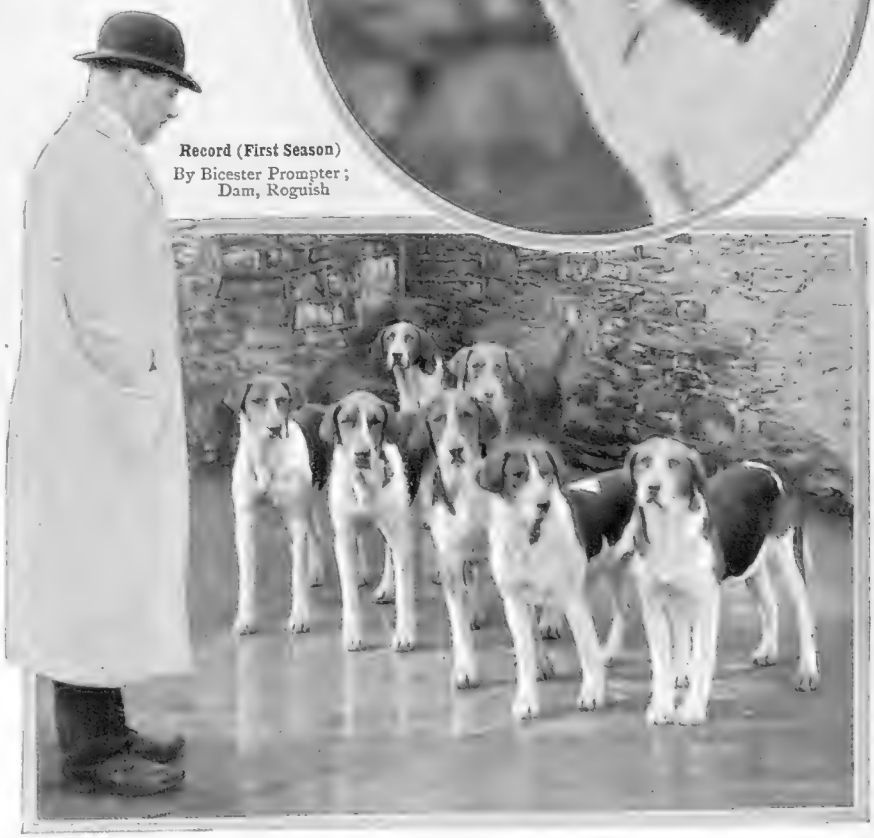
He was a brilliant man to hounds, and knew well how to keep his field in order, and woe betide anyone who jumped a fence in front of him. He bred his hounds simply and solely to kill foxes, and not for mere looks.

There are two points in particular which make the Fitzhardinge hounds much sought by other kennels, viz., their fine noses and beautiful cry—in fact, there is nothing like them anywhere. In colour they are principally lemon and badger-pie. To the breeding of these Lord Fitzhardinge is devoted, and as a result he has a truly magnificent pack of hounds. He has hunted regularly since he took them over some thirteen seasons ago, and though now close on four-score years of age finds his way across country in a marvellous manner. On Mondays the meets are on the Bristol side, where the country has banks, hairy fences, and rhines (reens)—wide drains with very muddy bottoms. On Tuesdays, hounds are on the Gloucester side. Here there are fly fences, foxes often running up to the hills which are the commencement of the Cotswolds. Thursday meets are in the neighbourhood of Tortworth and Eastwood and the southern part of the country, and here there are banks and rhines. Saturdays the meets are nearly always at the kennels, most of the coverts drawn being on the Berkeley estate. A clever horse, who can creep and jump and face water, is the one for this big country. Gilbert, the huntsman, is a very fine rider, and knows when to leave hounds alone. His cast are very good, and he is most patient and persevering, and has an excellent voice. The fields consist of residents, covert-owners, farmers, and a certain number from Bristol and Cheltenham. They are fairly well mounted and hard riders, and a good many know the taste of the water in the rhines. The kennels are close beneath the Castle, and it is delightful to hear the grim old walls echoing with the music of the hounds in kennel.

Lord Fitzhardinge's Dog Pack, with Huntsman (centre) and Whips

Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds to-day consist of sixty couple, all of which are big hounds, with good necks and shoulders. Their ribs are well sprung, they have good backs and plenty of bone, and are stout runners

Record (First Season)
By Bicester Prompter; Dam, Roguish



The Kaiser's Purchase: Three and half couple of hounds just bought from Lord Fitzhardinge by the German Emperor to hunt wild boar in Germany

THE 'VARSITY SPORTS:

Oxford Athletic Blues

G. E. Putnam (Kansas and Christchurch)
First string in the Hammer, for which he is expected to set up a 'Varsity record

A. H. Godfrey (Malvern and Trinity)
First string in the Long Jump. Won this event both in the Freshmen's Sports last November and in the 'Varsity Sports recently

T. R. Harley (Dulwich and Brasenose)
First string in the Half Mile. Has improved enormously this year

A. M. Brown (Charterhouse and Oriel)
First string in the Three Miles, which he won last year in the excellent time of 15 min.

E. G. Joseph (St. Paul's and Lincoln)
Gains what may be called a cheap "Blue," for there is a dearth of class High Jumpers at Oxford now

R. D. Clarke (Hertford)
First string in the Mile. Won this event at the 'Varsity Sports both last year and this

The 'Varsity Sports take place on Saturday next at Queen's Club, as usual. This will be the forty-seventh annual athletics encounter between the rival Blues, and additional interest is centred in it by reason of the present equality in the records, each University having twenty-two victories to its credit, while the remaining two contests, those of 1864 and 1899, ended in ties. To date Oxford claim 216 5-6th firsts, 207½ seconds; Cambridge 206 1-6th firsts and 206½ seconds. Last year Oxford won by six events to four.

Judging by the form shown in the recent 'Varsity Sports the issue this year should be exceedingly close. Taking the events seriatim, both the Hundred Yards and the Quarter will be very open now that L. C. Hull, the Oxford President, who captured the former in 10 2-5th sec. and the latter in 50 3-5th sec. a year ago, is *hors de combat*. The Half Mile will, of a surety, go to Cambridge, who have in P. J. Baker, the 'Varsity Secretary, an exceptionally fine runner. He took the Mile last year, but that event is left on this occasion to be fought out between

SATURDAY'S POSSIBLE WINNERS

Cambridge Athletic Blues

P. J. Baker (King's)
First string in the Half Mile and the 'Varsity secretary, is a natural runner of great ability

A. G. Boycott (St. John's, Leatherhead, and Selwyn)
First string in the Hurdles, won last year by G. R. L. Anderson, Oxford, who is again eligible

W. Gavin (Uppingham and Trinity)
First string in the Mile, is this year's Cambridge cross-country captain

D. Macmillan (Felsted and Trinity)
First string in the Hundred Yards. Since winning the Freshman's Hundred he has improved greatly

A. C. B. Bellerby (Emmanuel)
The Cambridge President and first string in the High Jump, is one of the most improved of Cambridge athletes

M. J. Susskind (Pembroke)
First string in the Weight, is a Freshman from University College School, London

W. Gavin, this season's Light Blue cross-country captain, and R. D. Clarke, the Oxonian who, but for the difficulty experienced in training him—of slight physique, he is very susceptible to a breakdown—would have represented Oxford last March. This should be a great race, and it is of a very open character. If in condition the Oxonian may just win, A. M. Brown, the Oxford Secretary, last year's Three-Mile victor, may again be depended upon to place this event to his University's credit, as should G. R. L. Anderson in the Hurdles. The High Jump is a "gift" for Cambridge, who in A. C. B. Bellerby, the Cambridge President and hockey Blue, possess the finest jumper either University has had for many years. Last year he cleared 5ft. 11¾in., and is one of the few athletes inspired by great occasions. Oxford should take the Long Jump by either A. H. Godfrey, a most promising Freshman, or by F. G. Buchanan, the Rugby Blue, and the Hammer is practically a certainty for the Dark Blue, G. E. Putnam. The Weight is very open: a little luck would give this event to either side.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF

The Amateur Championship

Echoes of the controversy of last year respecting the management of the Amateur Championship were called to mind by the discussion at the Tantallon Club's February meeting. It will be remembered that after many alarums and excursions having for their object the vesting of the management of the tournament in the hands of the Royal and Ancient Club, the delegates at Muirfield decided in favour of the Tantallon Club's motion. This motion was to the effect that the present rota should be retained, but that every sixth year a new course should be chosen. To this the Royal Liverpool Club added a rider to the effect that (1) such green should be inspected and approved by a committee of competent golfers, not only as regards the course itself, but also as to the facilities for the convenience and comfort of the competitors during their stay, and (2) that no inland green should be selected. It was generally understood at the time that the first "new course" year should be 1912, so as to give plenty of time for the task of inspection and selection. The Tantallon Club have now empowered their delegate to propose at the forthcoming meeting at Hoylake that the order of the rota should be: 1910, Hoylake; 1911, Prestwick; 1912, New Green; 1913, Sandwich; 1914, St. Andrews; 1915, Muirfield. The delegate will also propose that a committee of five be appointed to receive applications from clubs desirous of having the Amateur Championship of 1912 played on their links, and to select a course out of these applications. He will also move that each club making an application for inspection shall pay a fee of £10, and that all the clubs sending delegates shall pay an annual subscription of £1.

A Difficulty

On the question of the rota I take it there will be no disagreement, as the order proposed by Tantallon is the old order with the simple addition of the new course. But there may be trouble and difficulty over the latter part of the Tantallon proposals. I have grave doubts whether the financial side of these proposals is at all adequate to the necessities of the business which the Committee of Inspection will have to transact. I imagine that any club possessing a seaside course and ambitious of seeing the Amateur Championship played on it will, by paying £10, be entitled to have a visit of inspection paid to it by the Selection Committee. To ask clubs to pay £10 for a simple application and then to pay no further attention to their application would be somewhat arbitrary, and would create nothing but friction and ill-feeling. But unless the various £10 paid by candidate clubs are lumped together and devoted to the expenses of the

Professionals v. Amateurs (with a few Strokes thrown in)

At Bramshot, on the 8th inst., a match (Singles and Foursomes) was played under handicap between teams of amateurs and professionals got up respectively by Mr. R. H. Bromley-Read and Rowland Jones. Dr. W. G. Grace, the veteran cricketer, played for the amateurs, as did also the two crack golfers, Messrs. S. H. Fry and E. A. Smirke. The result of the match was a tie. Our illustration shows Dr. Grace and Mr. Bromley-Read going round with Rowland Jones and J. Milne, to whom they lost, in the foursomes, by 3 and 2

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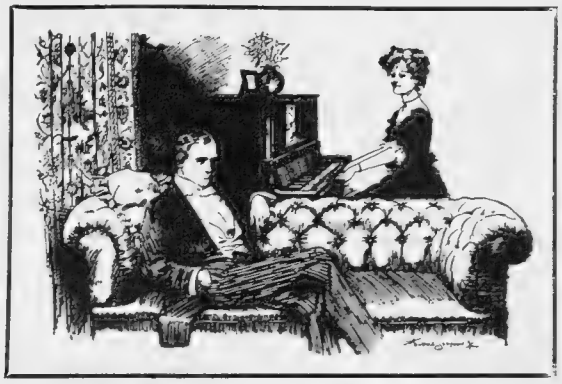

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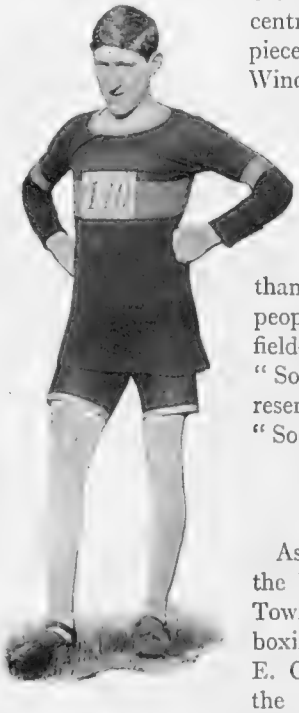
Committee in inspecting some one course which may commend itself to their fancy, the balance-sheet of the expenses of the Committee will certainly come out heavily on the debit side. The proposal that clubs sending delegates should pay an annual subscription of £1 will raise a decent fund by the year 1918, when the second occasion for choosing a new green will occur, but for the first occasion in 1912 there will not be much of a fund to cover the expenses of the travelling committee. So far as 1912 goes, I see no necessity for all this cumbersome paraphernalia. There is a fairly general agreement in favour of selecting Westward Ho, a course which has been played over by many of the delegates, and as to which full information in respect of accommodation facilities can be easily obtained from the Westward Ho delegate. I think it would be best if the delegates, after satisfying themselves on the accommodation point, were boldly to select Westward Ho and thus avoid all the heart-burning and friction over the application and selection question, while leaving themselves ample time to devise ways and means for the travelling committee before 1918 comes round. It is quite possible, of course, that Westward Ho, once selected, may prove so acceptable that no further alteration of the rota would be necessary.

ERNEST LEHMANN.



A. E. Wood (Essex Beagles)

This famous cross-country runner came into prominence in 1908, and last year won both the Southern and National Championships. Our photo was taken after his second win in the Southern ten days ago

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Charterhouse v. Winchester and other Results

The match between Charterhouse and Winchester is always an interesting event, for they are two of the schools to which we look, seldom in vain, to furnish the necessary supply of rising talent for the maintenance of Public School and 'Varsity football at its proper level of excellence. Charterhouse, in particular, has been the nursery of many a great amateur footballer, and the Old Carthusians for many years past have held the reputation of being one of the strongest of the Old Boy clubs. The game under notice was played at Charterhouse on March 8, and ended, after a fast and exciting game, in a win for Charterhouse by 2 goals to 1. This is a fairly correct index of the play, for the teams, besides being both above the average in point of skill, were very evenly matched, and Winchester, had their combination in front of goal been a bit better, might have won. As it was, their centre-forward, A. L. Fleming, although as good as any forward on the field, was inclined to rely too much on himself. There was more cohesion about the Charterhouse attack, and their second goal, breasted through by G. R. Dunlop from a centre by R. E. Norris, was quite a fine piece of work. Turning to other results, Winchester have beaten Westminster by 3 goals to nil, whereas Charterhouse could only draw with Westminster, which so far causes the "form" to be somewhat mixed—as it often is. Eton, however, have beaten Winchester by 4 goals to 2, which would make them out a bit better than Charterhouse. Truly they are wonderful people at Eton, for besides their own field-game, which only distantly resembles "Soccer," and that weird wall game, which resembles nothing else on earth, they play "Soccer" and "Rugger" too.

A. L. Fleming

The Winchester captain, enjoys the customary slice of lemon at half-time in the "Soccer" match between Charterhouse and Winchester

BOXING AND FENCING

The Inter-'Varsity Competition

As was anticipated, Cambridge pulled off the boxing and fencing competition in the Town Hall, Oxford, on the 8th. In the boxing Oxford won the Bantams, with E. G. S. Gordon, who last year fought in the Feathers, but this year managed to get down to Bantam weight, and the Heavies with the Hon. C. W. Grenfell (Balliol), Lord Desborough's stalwart son, who is 6ft. 2½in. in height and big in proportion. Cambridge won the Feathers with G. A. Taylo (Corpus), the Light Weights with W. G. Gabain (Pembroke), and the Middles with D. Portway (Downing). In the foils honours were easy, for the Cambridge first string, C. V. M. Reeves (Magdalene), and the Oxford second string, L. F. Nalder (Corpus), won their respective bouts, while in the Sabres Reeves was again successful, so that the net result was a win for Cambridge by 5—3. Of the fourteen previous contests Oxford won eight and Cambridge three, and there were ties in 1904 and 1905. Oxford had a run of five successive victories from 1897 to 1901, whereas Cambridge have only won twice consecutively — in 1902 and 1903. The biggest wins have been seven events to one, by Cambridge in 1903 and by Oxford in 1906.

C. Wellesley

The Charterhouse captain does likewise. The match resulted in a win for Charterhouse by 2 goals to 1

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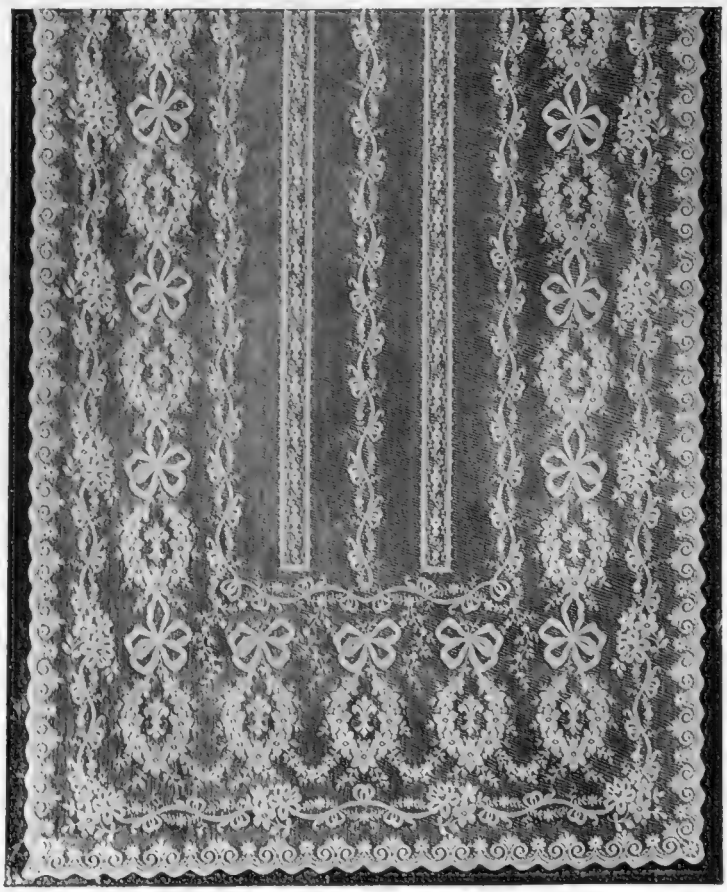

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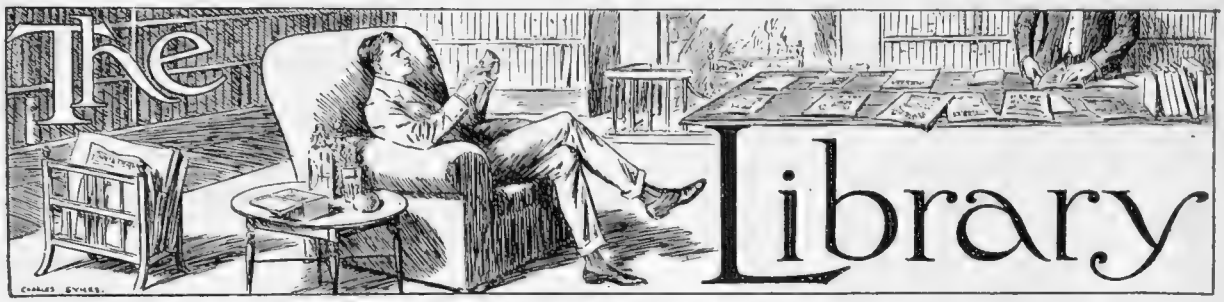

A New Novel by Warwick Deeping

Mr. Warwick Deeping is far more effective when weaving romances of bygone days than writing modern novels. This fact is emphasised in his latest book, *The Rust of Rome* (Cassell: 6*s*.). Here we have a very ordinary and rather spun-out story, with only an occasional glimpse of the fine work we look for from the author's pen. Our interest is never or rarely held, and the two chief characters have little or no personal magnetism. Comparisons are at all times odious, but one cannot help comparing *The Rust of Rome* with *Uther and Igraine* and *The Red Saint*, two of the finest of recent historical romances. The modern environment of the new book does not, perhaps, lend itself to that artistic word-painting that was such a feature of especially *Uther and Igraine*. Such plot that there is, is concerned with Burgoyne's attempt to buy the Thorkells' little piece of land which adjoins his estate. He is interested in some Roman excavations, and wishes to continue them beneath their ground. The Thorkells refuse to sell, and Burgoyne does his utmost to make things unpleasant for them. The principal character in the story is Benjamin Heriot, who, in order to forget a chapter of his past life, has bought a piece of land near the Thorkells, and is leading the simple life. We never quite know what to make of Heriot—it does not transpire what the crime was for which he suffered a long term of penal servitude—but the author so paints the character that it seems incredible that he should so far have committed himself as to bring himself into conflict with law and order. Eve Thorkell, who is left an orphan in such sad circumstances, is too cold a being to lend the desired love interest to the book. The hot-headed Burgoyne is the only character that might be described as in any way characteristic of the author—he is picturesque from first to last. The unfriendly relations between the two boys, John Lavender and "Lardy" Squire, largely inspired by jealousy for the short-skirted Cissie Carter, prove a source of some amusement.

A Good Story

In spite of its wild improbability, there is a strong fascination about that weird story, *The Comedy of the Unexpected*, by G. W. Appleton (John Long: 6*s*.). The air of uncertainty as to Harry Bishop's identity is well maintained throughout the book, and the mystery is skilfully handled by the author. An entertaining story.

Some Short Stories

I must forewarn my readers that *An Averted Marriage*, by Percy White (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.), is only one of many stories in the volume. The publishers have been guilty of the sin (in my opinion unpardonable) of neglecting to print the words "and other stories" upon the cover. In this particular instance, however, the disappointment of anyone buying the book under the impression that it is an ordinary six-shilling novel will be somewhat mitigated by the excellence of Mr. White's tales. The best story is the one from which the book takes its title. It is cleverly worked out and very amusing.

A Novel with a Mission

The Tree of Bitter Fruit, by Cullen Gouldsbury (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s*.), is the story of an experiment made by Geoffrey Callaster, a Native Commissioner of Central Africa. This experiment took the form of bringing a young African chief to England at the early age of ten, and of educating him as a White man, afterwards transporting him back to his own people. How far the experiment proves successful or the reverse is for the reader to find out for himself. The story makes excellent reading as a novel, but it will appeal especially to thinking persons on account of the grave complexion it puts upon the question of the education of natives. R. M.

An Original Novel

"Alien"—in *A Double Blindness* (Digby, Long: 6*s*.)—has given the world a story turning on a quite unusual theme, and has told it with power and effect. It is that of twin sisters living with their father in Australia, to whose sheep-run comes an interesting young Englishman, with whom one falls in love while he proposes to and is accepted by the other. Then in a catastrophe that kills the father the other man is stricken blind and returns to England. The sister who is engaged to him decides that she cannot be tied to a blind man, and deputes her twin to break off the engagement for her. When Mary arrives in England she finds that she loves the man too much to wound him; and, accepting his mistake that she is Rose, marries him. The complications that ensue on his being cured of his affliction are skilfully worked out, and all the figures in the book are well and truly drawn.

Founded on Fact

False Gold, by Lilian C. Davidson (Digby, Long: 6*s*.), is a story based on the famous Pearl case of nearly a generation since; but, although the pearl thief cheerfully sees her innocent friend and fellow-guest go to gaol, as Mrs. Osborne would have done, there is in this instance no honest Piccadilly jeweller to set matters right in court and send her there instead. Nor is there any final retribution save that of Fate and a wrecked liner. The story is not, perhaps, in the best of taste, and the moral is—as in so many modern novels—that bridge is a fatal game for many women and young girls to play.

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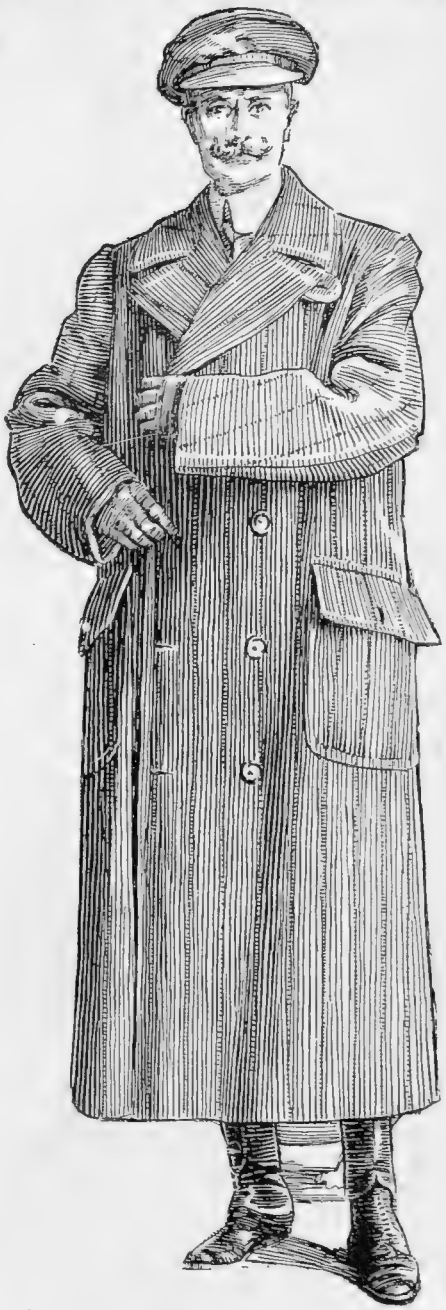

THE RUSITOR is made of the softest woollen coatings, with upper parts quilted for extra protection, and skirts free for exercise.

SMART and practical, yet so light and easy-fitting that walking in it is a pleasure.

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PARIS, BASINGSTOKE, and Provincial Agents.

RACING: The Grand National. By CARBINE

An Incomparable Race

The Grand National is incomparable. Some people have called it "the Derby" of steeplechasing, but the comparison is true only so far as it indicates that the Liverpool race is immeasurably the greatest event of the winter season. Beyond this there are no points of similarity. At Epsom the excitement lasts about two and a half minutes; at Aintree you have ten minutes of it. And it is curious how long those ten minutes seem, especially while the horses are "in the country" and out of sight of many thousands on the course. At Epsom you have the great thrill at the finish—sometimes you don't get even that. At Aintree you have a thrill at every jump, and there are thirty-two obstacles. As a spectacle no event in sport can surpass the Grand National, and its irresistible attractiveness will take myriads of people to Aintree on Friday.

Finding the Winner

Shall we find the winner? Ah! that is a question one may well ask in regard to the Grand National, because the odds are not only against you finding the right horse, but actually against you picking one who will complete the course. In an average year the number of competitors which fall or are unluckily knocked over is greater than the number which finish this terrific four and a half miles. It is an exhausting task for the stoutest 'chaser, and in trying to spot the winner the public are well advised in giving preference to horses who have demonstrated their ability to get over the big Liverpool fences. Of course, this method of anticipating the result does not always pay. Last year, for example, Lutteur III. romped away with the race without having been previously on the course. As a rule, however, horses which know the fences are best to follow. For this reason Judas and Caubeen, who were second and third respectively last year, are bound to have their share of thick-and-thin supporters, and they will possibly give their friends a good run for their money.

Selections

On the other hand, there is a brilliant young 'chaser called Round Dance, to whom the Liverpool fences are entirely strange. Many people thought the race a "gift" for him, but he was beaten at Hurst Park on Saturday, and appeared to have ricked his back. I think we are very badly off for good steeplechasers just now, and this makes me look among the top-weights for the winner. There is no getting away from the superior class of Mr. Assheton-Smith's pair, Cackler and Jerry M., but I hear at the last moment that Cackler has gone lame, and that Jerry M. is affected in his wind. When even their owner and trainer are doubtful as to the respective chances of these horses at Liverpool I should be loth to express a definite opinion. I don't like a double-barrelled selection, but in this case I fear I must go for **Cackler** or **Jerry M.** (if either runs), and I expect JUDAS again to run into a place. For the Liverpool Cup my selection is **Rathlea**, and in his absence LAND LEAGUE.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1910

"*The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*," *Feb. 12, 1910, says*:—

"That welcome little annual, 'The Sportsman's Waistcoat Pocket Diary,' is now ready on application to D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W. Bound in Royal Red, with novel fastener and a dainty nickel pencil-case, sportsmen will find it as useful as it is elegant. In addition to the Daily Diary, it contains a great deal of information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings in 1910, lengths of Newmarket Courses, the riding weights of jockeys and apprentices, comparative tables of English and French weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners, with the English equivalents. The Diary deals also with Mr. Gant's terms of business, which are on the 'No Limit' principle, the full starting-price being paid without any deduction—even should the odds reach or exceed 100 to 1 won and 25 to 1 a place—upon all races under Jockey Club Rules (minor events included). Upon future events where there is ante-post betting, the newspaper quotations are guaranteed up to noon, and another concession likely to be taken advantage of by many is that instructions may be sent by post, provided the letter bears the 12 o'clock post-mark of the day the races are run. The above is sent free to all existing or prospective clients."

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LEMCO alone
—finest beef, concentrated to its utmost; no colouring, no added water, no preservative. Enjoyed and digested when all else fails.

or LEMCO AND MILK
—½ or ¼ teaspoonful of Lemco to ½ pint of warm milk—that is what the doctors recommend. Useful in the kitchen, priceless in the sickroom, wonderful for children, and excellent for all.

and—'Quite well, thank you'
Lemco and Milk to *get* well—and Lemco and Milk to *keep* well—remember that—every day.
LEMCO, 4, LLOYD'S AVENUE, E.C.

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No Stropping—No Honing.

WHEN you get up in the morning, you don't want to be bothered with getting your razor right for shaving.

The beauty of the Gillette Razor is—you don't have to; it is ready for work the moment you pick it up.

You don't have to strop it, hone it, coax it, or temper it—you simply use it as you do your hair brush and comb.

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The Gillette Safety Razor costs One Guinea—and lasts a lifetime.

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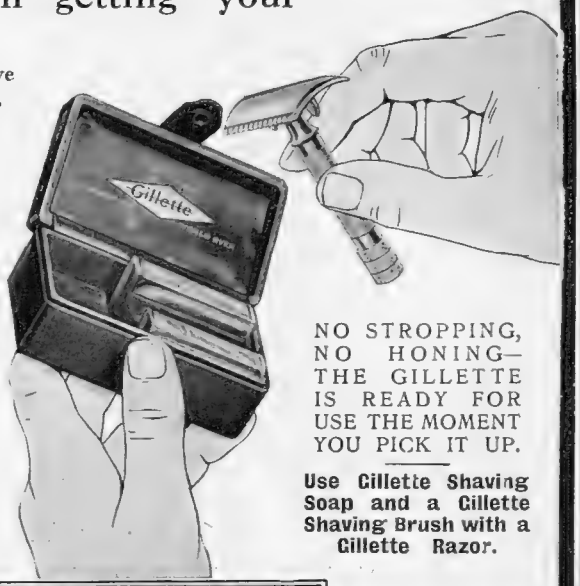

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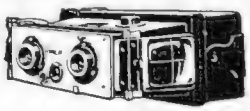

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

A Pair of Invincibles

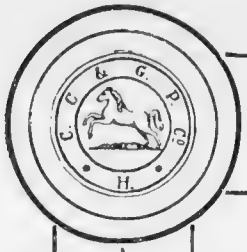
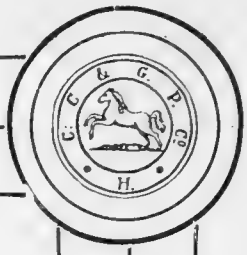
Lord Kitchener, who has been making a tour of military inspection, is here seen about to enter his 25 h.-p. Talbot "Invincible" car at Brisbane, Australia

The Aero Exhibits

Naturally the topic of the week which has commanded attention to the exclusion of almost everything else has been the remarkable exhibition of aeronautical vehicles, motor-boats, and the accessories needful for both branches of sport on view at Olympia. This is the second show organised on similar lines by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who are to be congratulated upon having secured the patronage of H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as well as upon the extremely interesting and comprehensive nature of the exhibits assembled. It may be said at once that the current exhibition — which remains open until Saturday, March 19—reveals a remarkable and highly gratifying advance in the study and manufacture of heavier-than-air machines on the part of British engineers. Twelve months ago our representation was confined to some half a dozen examples, which by courtesy might be described as full-size models, but which, so far as actual work in the air is concerned, possessed one and all a clean sheet. This year we have twenty-five machines on the stands of some of the leading firms in the motor business, and many of these have given practical demonstration of their ability to fulfil to some extent at least the purpose for which they have been fashioned. It is noticeable that the monoplane type predominates. It is, perhaps, matter for speculation whether or not the cross-Channel flight accomplished by M. Louis Blériot last summer has exercised an influence in favour of the monoplane, but it is noteworthy that leading British practical experts like the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon both favour the double plane system. Mr. Rolls's biplane is exhibited on the stand of the Royal Aero Club, and is extremely interesting. The engine is a four-cylinder "Wright," carrying chain-driven twin screws, the frame and planes being by Messrs. Short Bros., of Shellbeach.

Aeroplanes in Actuality

General view of the Aero and Motor-Boat Exhibition now in progress at Olympia

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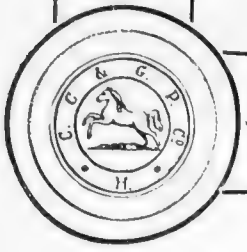
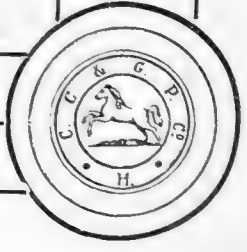



Mr. Rolls, who owns and drives this machine, has, in addition, made various flights with passengers, and has in all totalled something over 100 miles. On the Royal Aero Club's adjoining stand is to be found Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon's famous "Short" biplane, a purely British product, which, among other successful performances, secured the *Daily Mail* £1,000 prize for the circular mile, and so recently as the 1st inst. covered a distance of twenty-five miles in 32 min.

Not To Be Seen Inside Olympia

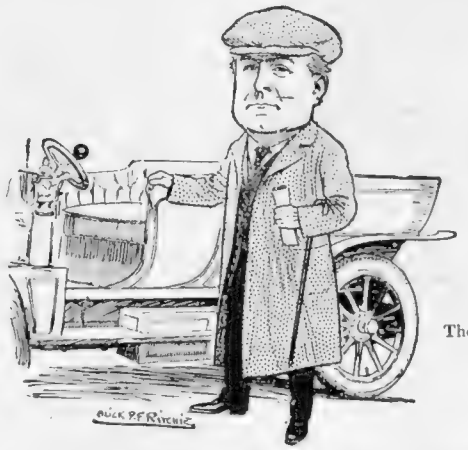
This smart little 18 h.-p. Bedford car with "Torpedo" body is owned by Mr. C. Marrott, of Hove. There are, of course, no motor-cars on view at Olympia during the present exhibition

Leading British Makes

Among those British manufacturing firms who are making a bold bid for popularity and success Messrs. Humber, of Coventry, stand prominently in the vanguard. Their stand—No. 53—is the largest in the exhibition, and contains four complete machines, three on the mono and one on the biplane system. The "Lovelace" type is shown in both examples, in each case a 50 h.-p. water-cooled Humber four-cylinder engine being employed. In the monoplane the length over all is 26ft. 8in., width 33ft. 3½in., and surface of main plane 192 sq. feet., while the measurements of the biplane are: Length, 36ft.; width, 41ft. 6in., with surface area on main planes of 482 sq. feet. The other two monoplanes are known as the Le Blon Delagrange, and are fitted respectively with 30 h.-p. three-cylinder air-cooled and 50 h.-p. four-cylinder water-cooled Humber engines. Messrs. Humber were the first to issue a complete catalogue and price list of their aero manufactures, and this may be had on the stand. Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 110, High Street, Manchester Square, London, show on Stand No. 74 a small monoplane of the Howard-Wright type, which is quite unique in its way. The length—29ft.—exceeds the width by 2ft., the surface of the main planes being 160 sq. feet and the weight, without driver, 455lb. The engine is a 40 h.-p. eight-cylinder "E.N.V.," of 85mm. bore and 90mm. stroke, the price of the machine complete being £650. Messrs. Warwick Wright also exhibit a four-cylinder 25-30 h.-p. E.N.V. water-cooled engine, the weight of which is under 2½lb. per horse-power, and a 60-80 h.-p.

Friends of ours.

No. 1.—THE ACTUARY.



Write for Booklet, "Ask the Road," to The B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd. 7, Snow Hill, E.C.

Has reputation of being a hard man, unsympathetic and lacking in imagination. Quite impervious to the appeal of sentiment.

Deals only in facts and figures—weighs them out with a druggist's accuracy, and grudges even the turn of the scale.

Grinds out judgment—slowly—but exceeding small.

Too critical to be ever really popular, but we get on all right with him.

Probably this is because he always has something pleasant to say about

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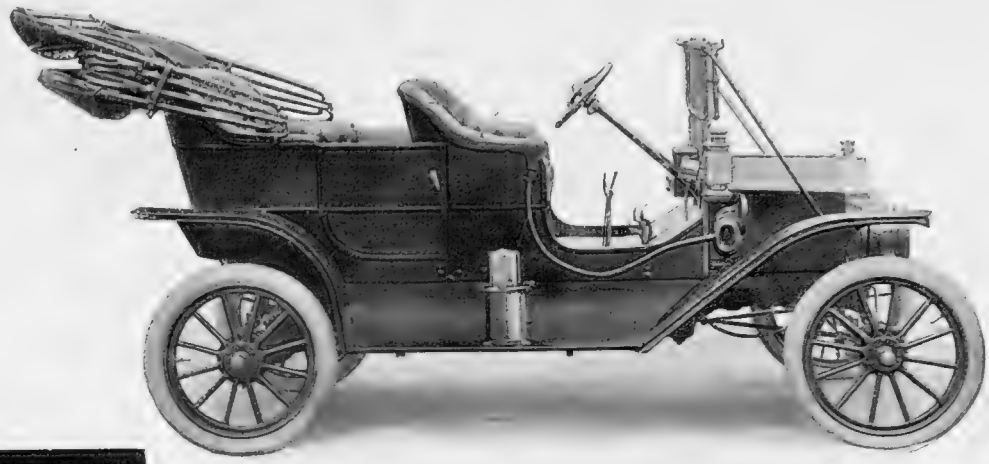

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MODEL **Ford** T.

£200 COMPLETE | **20 H.P.** 4 CYLINDERS

which has created such a sensation by reason of its LOW PRICE, RELIABILITY, PHENOMENAL LOW COST OF RUNNING, EXTREME LIGHTNESS COMBINED WITH EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH.

The FORD MODEL T is the lightest car made. This great desideratum has been arrived at by adopting solely VANADIUM STEEL THROUGHOUT in conjunction with SCIENTIFIC design.

The FORD MODEL T will give you approximately 10,000 tyre mileage. Can any other car of equivalent h.p. offer this?

It will give you an average 25 miles to the gallon of petrol. It will easily run over 40 miles an hour if desired. All ordinary hills are taken on "top" easily without fear of engine labouring.

The FORD MODEL T is the easiest and simplest car to drive. The ignition is the Ford Magneto, which has no brushes or any parts to cause trouble. The lubrication is perfectly automatic. Water cooling by Thermo-Syphon. And the veriest novice can change gears silently and smoothly. No fear of a breakdown, for the FORD MODEL T has demonstrated its reliability over vile roads and tracks, winning, among other events, first place in the 1,282 miles Munsey Reliability Trials.

£200 puts you in possession of the 20 h.p. MODEL T FORD, 4-seater, side-entrance body, ready for the road with lamps, tools, spares, and horn, and for £220 the equipment includes also hood, screen, and speedometer. Trial runs arranged with pleasure. Booklet and full information gladly furnished on request.

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C.D.C.

eight-cylinder E.N.V. engine, weighing 287lb. On Stand No. 89 the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company, Ltd., of Adderley Park, Birmingham, confine their aviation exhibits to a 50 h.-p. aeroplane engine with propeller coupled direct, another of similar horse-power with reducing gear, and a particularly neat 30 h.-p. four-cylinder special aero engine of extreme lightness. The Company are also showing a 25ft. boat, fitted with 12 h.-p. four-cylinder marine engine, a six-cylinder 45 h.-p. marine engine, and a remarkable 200 h.-p. marine and dirigible engine. The marine exhibits, which are uniformly of great interest, must be dealt with in the next number of THE BYSTANDER owing to great restrictions of space. Mr. Charles Lane, of 31, Foley Street, Great Portland Street, London, has been for many years experimenting with heavier-than-air machines, and on his stand—No. 78—in the centre of the hall, shows a 24ft. monoplane, with 30 h.-p. water-cooled New Engine Company's engine, the planes of which are covered with proof fabric, together with a two-seated monoplane, with 60 h.-p. engine, weighing 220lb. In both cases the chassis is of wood, and the front carriage of wood and steel tubes. These machines are well worth inspection. Among other items of great interest, the "Santos-Dumont" monoplane, "Demoiselle," shown on M. Clement's stand—No. 72; the Continental Tyre Company's great inflated balloon, constructed of their world-renowned special fabric; the Zimmerman feather-weight aeroplane radiators on Stand No. 42; and the Dunlop Rubber Company's waterproof fabric for balloons and dirigibles; with an array of aviating costume for ladies and gentlemen, should on no account be missed.

Where Motorists Most Do Congregate

The Motor Club has recently been renovated, redecorated, and enlarged, the photo showing one of the new reading and waiting rooms

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If you want a 4-cyl. 15-18 h.-p. Chassis at £175, wit dual ignition, quiet running, easy to drive, and with 3 years' guarantee, investigate the "BEDFORD."

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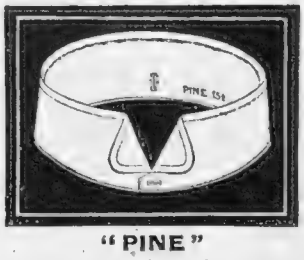

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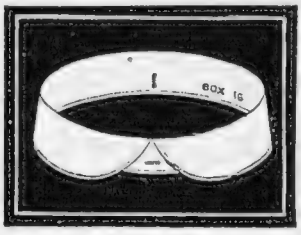

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1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½, 2¾ inches deep.
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The Phrasing Lever (Patented) The marvellous device controlling every variation of tempo, preserving the true character of the music, and admitting of rhythmic variations.

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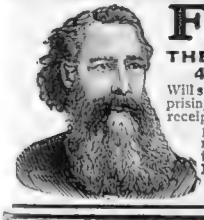

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Chassis for all types, **£300**

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carried one passenger forty-six miles in an hour, and almost immediately thereafter literally put up a world's record by carrying two full-grown people a distance of fifty miles in 62min. 25sec. His biplane is notable in that M. Farman uses different lengths, the upper plane being longer than the lower, while the ailerons, or plane tips, are quite flexible. This is the first recorded instance in which "three men in an aero" have been able to make simultaneous observations. M. Rougier, of Voisin biplane fame, has also been doing great things at Monaco, where he effected a start and subsequent successful flight under most restricted conditions. At home, Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, who won the *Daily Mail* £1,000 prize, has again added to his laurels. In competing for the British Empire Michelin Cup for all-British machines he succeeded in making a flight of eighteen miles at Eastchurch, and as the rules of the competition provide that all attempts must be made prior to March 31, it appears to be highly probable that Mr. Moore-Brabazon will secure the trophy and the £500 with which M. Michelin has endowed it.

Miscellanea

In view of the increasing demand for high-class cars on hire Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., have organised a department for the hiring out of Napier cars by the hour, day, week, or month. A comprehensive little brochure setting forth all particulars may be had on application to 14, New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.

The steady extension of the demand for Avon tyres, made by the Avon India Rubber Company, of Melksham and London, has necessitated the appointment of a special representative for Scotch territory. Mr. F. D. Revey, 3, Kennyhill Square, Alexandra Park, Glasgow, is acting in this capacity. There is no doubt that upon the Grampian Hills Avon Tyres will soon be as famous as they are in the South country for hard wear and long life.

H.E. Count Alexis of Santa Eulalia is the owner of a six-cylinder Noiseless Napier. Napier cars are the best and British-built throughout.

"ACROSTICATURES."

SECOND WEEKLY SERIES.

We here publish the second instalment of a series of weekly caricatures of public men, beneath each of which is a space to be filled in by an Acrostic, in which form the reader is invited to express his opinion of the individual depicted, namely, Messrs. Seymour Hicks, A. W. Pinero, H. W. Lucy, and Gerald Du Maurier.

The sum of One Guinea will be awarded for each individual Acrostic which is adjudged to be the best. Competitors must attempt all four, and it is therefore possible for one person to succeed in winning Four Guineas.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final. The prize will be given for the Acrostic which is the aptest criticism of the individual, whether flattering or otherwise.

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Tear out this page, and address to "Acrosticature" Editor, "Bystander" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C., to reach office not later than first post next Tuesday morning, March 22

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 328.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, March 16, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

WEEK-END COTTAGE.
With motor-house and about 7 acres.

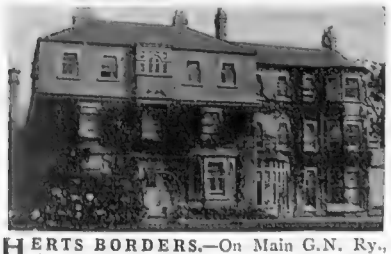
OAK-BEAMED COTTAGE ABOUT 300 YEARS OLD.

SUSSEX.—Unfurnished picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with modern improvements. Sitting hall, drawing room, boudoir, and usual offices; 3 bedrooms (1 double), bathroom, dressing room, and 2 servants' rooms. Motor-house. Exceptionally pretty old garden about ¾ of an acre, with lawns and kitchen garden. Fitted rooms for photography. Outhouses. 4 fields and cottage if required. Rent £21 2s. 0d. per annum. Rent on Lease for the whole, £25 per annum. Premium for improvements, £950.—Orders to view and further particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A choice RESIDENCE in a
POSITION OF UNPARALLELED BEAUTY.

ON THE SURREY HILLS, close to famous golf course, 2 miles from an express station 40 minutes from City or West End.—For immediate SALE, a handsome modern RESIDENCE, with 3 (or up to 100) acres of parklike grounds, including large well-stocked kitchen garden with greenhouses. Long carriage drive through a lovely wood with lodge at entrance. 600ft. above the sea. On dry soil, and South aspect. 5 reception, bath, and 14 bedrooms; servants' hall and offices; 2 staircases. Capital stabling with men's rooms over.—Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO BE LET FOR ALMOST ANY PERIOD
Up to 3 years. (Possibly Unfurnished.)
Beautifully Furnished and Fitted.



HERTS BORDERS.—On Main G.N. Ry., few minutes from station. Over 400ft. above sea level in open situation. Fine old timbered grounds.
MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.
13 bed and dressing, 3 baths, billiard room, lofty square hall, double drawing or music room, large panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, ample offices. Large and small conservatories.
SOUTH ASPECT. GRAVEL SOIL.
Co.'s water. Main drainage. Extensive stabling, motor garage, etc.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

By direction of Trustees.
45 MINUTES FROM CITY AND WEST END.

CLOSE TO GOLF. SHOOTING.
GLORIOUS VIEWS.

KENT.—FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, modernised, adjacent to lovely commons, in rural district.
FINELY TIMBERED UNDULATING PARK.
Entrance lodge. Very fine hall, with gallery staircase, 4 handsome reception, conservatory, 15 bedrooms, bath, and complete offices. Stabling for 5. Delightful
WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,
affording extensive woodland rambles. Tennis and croquet. Walled kitchen gardens, glasshouses, farmery, cottages, and sound old pasture, altogether
ABOUT 60 ACRES.
The Property would be divided. Electric light. Golf, shooting, and beautiful commons near. Station ¾ of a mile.
LOW PRICE TO CLOSE ESTATE.
MIGHT LET.
—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

AT A LOW PRICE.
Perfectly rural surroundings.
UNDER 12 MILES FROM TOWN.

UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCES.
Close to several golf courses.

KENT (high position in a favourite locality; served by 2 Railways, London being reached in 30 minutes). — Well-planned and comfortable RESIDENCE, lying far from road, with carriage drive. 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 2 staircases, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and ample offices, including servants' hall and manservant's bedroom. Delightful secluded pleasure grounds, most tastefully disposed and inexpensive to maintain.
ORNAMENTAL LAWNS,
BROAD TERRACE WALK,
croquet and tennis lawns, productive fruit and vegetable garden, 2 glasshouses, etc., in all nearly 2 acres. Electric light. Main drainage. Telephone.
ADJOINING OPEN COUNTRY.
To be SOLD, or might be LET.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

ONLY £215 PER ANNUM.

AN EXCELLENT PROPERTY IN GOOD ORDER.

SUSSEX.—FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, Unfurnished, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance.
Hall (20ft. by 19ft.), drawing room (27ft. by 19ft.), dining room (24ft. by 19ft.), billiard room (28ft. by 18ft.).
Study, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Stabling for 6. Cottage.
WELL-WOODED GROUNDS,
with tennis, croquet, and other lawns, rookery, shrubberies, 5-acre wood, kitchen garden, meadowland, the whole comprising ABOUT 22 ACRES. About 1 hour from Town. Golf.—Full particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

COTSWOLD HILLS.
IN A HIGH POSITION WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

£65 PER ANNUM (convenient for Minchinhampton golf links).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, recently remodernised and now in excellent order. Hall, 4 excellent reception, 6 bed, fitted bathroom, 2 staircases, complete offices. Company's water and gas; telephone. Splendid stabling of 4 stalls, harness room, groom's room, useful outbuildings. Gravel soil. Close to station, church, post and telegraph office. Small premium required for Lease.—Personally inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W. (W 24,236)

ONLY 7 GUINEAS A WEEK
to Careful Tenants.

ON THE SUSSEX COAST.—FOR SUMMER.—This unique old-fashioned RESIDENCE, recently remodernised and handsomely Furnished. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom.
GAS, COMPANY'S WATER. TELEPHONE.
Motor garage, with men's rooms. Pretty grounds with tennis lawn.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

SUSSEX (commanding some of the finest views in the county, ¼ mile of post, telegraph, and shops).—To be SOLD, a

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

of about 200 acres, with

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE

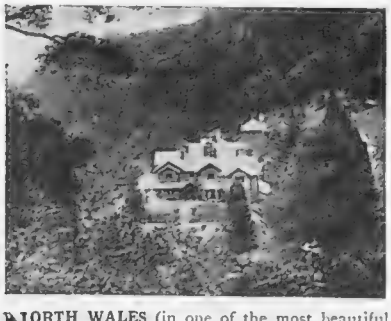
in excellent repair, and with the following accommodation: lounge hall (24ft. by 12ft.), 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; there are about 10 acres wood, 50 acres pasture, and the remainder good pasture; 2 cottages. Would be divided.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,603)

OXON AND BERKS BORDERS (occupying a high position in a picturesque village).—Furnished for the Summer, or might be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; electric light; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; terraced garden, tennis court, walled kitchen garden.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,621)

CLOSE TO THE WHADDON CHASE KENNELS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

A **FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,** quite up to date in every way, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; good stabling and cottage; pleasure grounds and paddocks, etc.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.



NORTH WALES (in one of the most beautiful parts).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer or longer, or might be SOLD, a compact ESTATE of about 600 ACRES, with the above artistic Residence, containing: lounge hall, drawing room (48ft. by 18ft.), 3 other reception rooms, all heated by hot water, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 5, coach-house, garage, 5 cottages.

GOOD SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

Charming grounds, waterfalls, rustic bridges, terraced gardens, tennis court, and 150 acres of woodland. — Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,622)

GENTLEMAN'S FARMHOUSE, ABOUT 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

50 GUINEAS PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; about 3 acres grounds; near golf; pasture-land by arrangement if required.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

GENTLEMAN'S FARM OF 118 ACRES.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, the above genuine old HOUSE, with oak floors, beams, etc. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc., in excellent order throughout; pretty pleasure grounds with tennis lawn, orchard, and ornamental water: the farm comprises about half old pasture and half arable; excellent farm-buildings in first-rate order. —KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,133)

1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 38½ ACRES.

£5,000, FREEHOLD.—The RESIDENCE is most substantially built, and occupies a beautiful position well away from roads. It is approached by a carriage drive

OVER ¼ MILE LONG,

and contains: lounge hall (24ft. by 21ft. 6in.), dining room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), drawing room (25ft. 6in. by 23ft. 9in.), morning room, and smoking room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, double coach-house, and men's rooms; well-timbered pleasure grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, and parklike meadows, in all 38½ acres; shooting, fishing, hunting, and golf in neighbourhood.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,486)

ABOUT 2 HOURS OF TOWN.

GOOD HUNTING. DEER PARK.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, this fine HOUSE, standing in a deer park of nearly 100 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall (30ft. 6in. high), 5 reception rooms, 16 principal and 10 servants' bedrooms; complete offices; stabling for 11 horses: tastefully arranged pleasure grounds. Rent low. Shooting might be had.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,449)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

ABOUT 50 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE HOUSE, as above, to be LET, beautifully furnished. Part of the house dates back to 1594; it stands about 400ft. above sea level, in a well-timbered park, and contains: entrance hall, fine central hall (37ft. by 22ft.), with old oak gallery staircase, 5 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 11 horses, with 2 cottages. The pleasure grounds are noted for the magnificent timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns; sand soil.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,453)

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

FOR THE SUMMER OR BY THE YEAR.

THIS FINE OLD HOUSE to be LET, thoroughly well furnished, and fitted with all modern comforts, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

There is a large hall (45ft. by 24ft.), 5 reception rooms, and billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; the grounds are adorned by magnificent forest timber, fine old cedars, etc.; 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, and woodlands; stabling for 8 horses, with ample coach-houses, etc. Low Rent by the year.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 407)

PRETTY OLD RENOVATED FARMHOUSE.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

NEAR HASLEMERE.—To be SOLD, an old stone-built COTTAGE RESIDENCE, in excellent order, containing: 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 kitchens, etc.; stabling and coach-house; grounds of 2 acres.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

550FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.

HERTS AND BEDS BORDERS (45 minutes from London).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Spring and Summer, possibly longer, the above charming old COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in extensive parklands, with lodge entrance, and approached by a carriage drive about ½ mile in length: lounge hall, 4 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms: ample stabling and men's rooms; old-world grounds, tennis lawn, woodland, and kitchen garden; rough shooting could probably be had. Moderate Rent.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,051)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

WEST HILL, PUTNEY.

ON THE HIGH GROUND NEAR PUTNEY HEATH AND WIMBLEDON COMMON (about 15 minutes walk from Putney Station, 7 minutes from East Putney Station, and about 5 miles from Hyde Park Corner).—The above substantially built and exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as

"STONE HOUSE,"

standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage sweep, and containing: 4 fine reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and excellent offices; electric light; delightfully timbered old pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, and glasshouses, a small paddock, excellent motor accommodation, and first-class stabling for 8 horses, the whole comprising an area of about 5 acres; valuable frontages to West Hill and Kingsenhall Road.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 5, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. LAKE, PARROTT and Co., Solicitors, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

NEWBURY (near).—Desirable small ESTATE of 77 ACRES for SALE, price £3,500. In a high and beautiful situation, with fine views over Highclere Hills. Good farmhouse, buildings, thatched cottages; 30 acres arable, 41 pasture, woodland; small outgoings; property exceptionally well placed for the erection of a large house.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,464)

HERTS (near HITCHIN).—£2,500 only for a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 11 acres, with stabling for 7, 2 cottages, farmery, inexpensive well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and grassland: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; 2 miles from station; hunting, golf. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,589)

HANTS (near Andover).—£3,500 will PURCHASE a Bijou JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE with a FARM of 127 ACRES. Lovely part of the country; high and healthy, with good views. House in excellent order: 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; carriage drive approach; pleasure and kitchen gardens, meadow-land, farm-buildings, etc.; hunting with 3 packs; good shooting district. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,147)

OLD QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE.

GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER BORDERS.—For SALE at £1,250: 4 sitting rooms, 12 bedrooms; walled garden and orchard, IN ALL 4 ACRES; stabling for 3.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,993)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HERTS AND BEDS BORDERS (under an hour from Town, close to the town of Luton).—For SALE, a valuable CORN and SHEEP FARM of 287 acres; good old pasture, wood, down, and sound arable land; capital farmhouse, excellent and adequate buildings. Some of the land, from its proximity to Luton, will increase in value for building purposes in the near future; nominal outgoings. Moderate price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,807)

THIS OLD-WORLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, just over 1 hour from Town.—Lounge hall, 3 sitting rooms, second hall, 4 bedrooms, 2 servants' attics, bath (h. and c.), stabling, and coach-house; 300ft. high; near good golf links; delightful garden. FOR SALE, CHEAP.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,925)

HERTS, BETWEEN ST. ALBANS AND HARPENDEN.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALE of an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE known as

"FLAMSTEADBURY,"

comprising some of the best agricultural land in the county, and including an exceedingly comfortable Family Residence, standing upwards of 400ft. above sea level, and eminently suitable for the occupation of a gentleman who is also interested in agricultural pursuits. There is an extensive farmstead designed and arranged on the most approved modern principles, and affording every accommodation for pedigree live stock. The Property also comprises a compact agricultural holding known as GREENLANDS FARM, with capital farmhouse and buildings. The Estate, which extends over about

745 ACRES,

affords excellent partridge and ground game shooting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION during the early summer unless previously sold privately.

Particulars of Messrs. GREENFIELD and CRACKNALL, Solicitors, 3, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

HANTS AND BERKS BORDERS.
IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.
KINGSCLERE HOUSE, KINGSCLERE.
Contiguous to the Downs and within an easy motor drive of Newbury and Basingstoke.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY comprises an area of about 17 ACRES, and includes a picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE (see view above), standing about 330ft. above sea level, in a sheltered position, amidst finely timbered parkland, and approached by 2 carriage drives with one lodge entrance. The House contains: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; exceptionally fine stabling for 9 horses; garage, farmery, and 2 cottages; ample water supply—no pumping; electric light; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds with ornamental water, glasshouses, etc. The whole Property is in faultless condition. About 2,000 acres of first-class shooting, and additional land now rented can be had if required. Golf 3 miles distant; trout fishing on property; hunting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (if not sold previously).—Particulars of Messrs. HAMMOND and RICHARDS, Solicitors, 26, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HERTS (St. Albans).—For SALE, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, 300ft. above sea, on gravel, with stabling for 3 horses, motor garage, coach-house, groom's room; charming garden and grounds of 8 acres: 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; a mile from Midland station. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,171)

HERTS (Harpenden).—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD, or LET, Furnished, a capital modern HOUSE, in secluded position, 300ft. above sea, with stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, etc.; good gardens and grounds of 6 acres: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; near golf and hunting; a mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,172)

SEVENOAKS AND WROTHAM (between).—£2,850 for a charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, 400ft. above sea, on dry sand, and commanding lovely views; long carriage drive approach, with lodge: 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling; well-timbered grounds of 4 acres, tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, and paddocks. Or would be LET, Unfurnished. 1½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,155)

AMIDST EXTENSIVE COMMON LAND (25 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London).—A choice little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY (illustrated above) to be SOLD: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; stabling, men's rooms, etc.; very pretty grounds, gardens, orchard, and meadow. Additional land if required.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,830)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION ON APRIL 19 NEXT.

BYFLEET, Surrey.—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built and most conveniently arranged Freehold RESIDENCE, under 1 mile from the station, SURROUNDED BY PRETTY PINE WOODS; square hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' sitting room, motor-house, greenhouse, EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS, full-sized tennis lawn, rose garden and pergola, kitchen garden, etc.; electric light throughout.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AUCTION IN MAY NEXT,
"THE REDOUBT," KINGSWEAR.
AMIDST THE FINEST SCENERY OF THE SOUTH HAMS.
OVERLOOKING DARTMOUTH HARBOUR AND START BAY.

SOUTH DEVON COAST (360ft. above sea level, on a southern slope).—For SALE, a UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE, in a grand situation and particularly appealing to a sea lover: 13 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms, billiard hall; stabling for 3; capital cottage.
SUB-TROPICAL GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.
—Messrs. ROSE, JOHNSON and HICKS, Solicitors, 9, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall; Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), Auctioneers, as above.

EXE ESTUARY (close to).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in well-timbered grounds: 4 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms. RENT, ABOUT 2 GNS. PER WEEK. Photo and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.)
can offer a choice of
3,750 Houses.
in all parts of the Kingdom.

Extensive selection of
THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

FINE YACHTING CENTRE.

CLOSE TO THE SOLENT (for 3, 9, or 12 months).—This comfortable old FAMILY RESIDENCE, in grounds of 5 acres, surrounded by parklike lands of nearly 120 acres: 9 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling. RENT, ONLY 10 GNS. P.W. Open to offer.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F2,724)

"ANGLE HOUSE," EAST MOLESEY.—Standing in pretty grounds of 4¼ acres: 10 best bedrooms, accommodation for 5 servants, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, galleried hall, 2 bathrooms; motor-house, stabling for 3. Will be SOLD by AUCTION, on April 19 next, by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

SURREY (Lovely Dorking District).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice Residential ESTATE OF 276 ACRES,
within ½ mile of a station, 350ft. above the sea level, the mansion, as above, which is approached by a long carriage drive, contains: reception hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard rooms, 17 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling, lodge, 2 farms, 13 cottages, and small gentleman's Residence; electric light. PROPERTY WOULD BE SOLD IN LOTS. (1). MANSION AND 90 ACRES. (2). FARM, GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE, COTTAGES, AND 95 ACRES. (3). FARM-HOUSE, FARMERY, COTTAGES AND 56 ACRES. (4). 32 ACRES OF LAND.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A REALLY CHOICE LITTLE PROPERTY.

MAIDENHEAD THICKET (well away from motor dust).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ ACRES; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, etc: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; stabling for 2, coach-house, motor-house; acetylene gas. Price only £1,900 Freehold.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EWELL, Surrey (5 minutes from station).—To be SOLD, or LET, a well-arranged and most conveniently placed RESIDENCE on rising grounds, overlooking NONSUCH PARK; carriage drive, entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, bath, and good offices; pretty gardens, with lawn, flower garden, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE IN EXCELLENT ORDER.
3 MILES FROM GOLF COURSE.

SUSSEX.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, a comfortable, artistic COTTAGE, built over 100 years ago, and carefully enlarged. Accommodation: 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), housekeeper's room, etc.; excellent modern stabling for 4, motor-house, and 3 men's room; cottages; pretty old-fashioned garden, with tennis court and field, in all about 2 acres.—Box K 4,462, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

WITHIN 3 HOURS OF TOWN, G.N. RY., M. RY., L. & N.W. RY.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, a solidly built MANSION, replete with every modern convenience, including
ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.
It is well placed in an Estate of 120 acres, and contains: vestibule and inner hall, noble suite of reception rooms, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 20 horses; there are finely timbered pleasure grounds, ornamental water, etc.; good hunting and polo.
VERY MODERATE RENT.
—Apply, Box K 4,611, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX COAST.—To be LET, for the summer months, a very fine MANSION, situate on the slope of the South Downs, amidst picturesque country. It stands in a secluded park, and contains: billiard, 4 reception, 25 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 12; electric light; telephone; Company's water; heated by hot-water pipes; beautiful old grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, and woodland walks; an 18-hole golf course adjoins the park.—Box KF 43, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

JUST OVER THE HOUR FROM TOWN.
IN AN ENTIRELY SECLUDED POSITION.
400FT. ABOVE THE SEA. SANDY SOIL.

KENT (amidst the finest scenery in the Home Counties, near a picturesque village, and within easy reach of 2 golf courses). — To be SOLD, an attractive ivy-clad and gabled RESIDENCE, delightfully situated, approached by carriage drive 250 yards long with lodge entrance: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and complete domestic offices; stabling for 2; tennis and other lawns, 2 paddocks, in all about 4 acres.—Box K 4,549, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE, NEAR CHATTERIS.
GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE AND STUD FARM.

TO BE SOLD, with or without a first-rate stud farm of over 100 acres, a picturesque gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. The Property will be sold with the grounds and 10 acres of pasture-land only or with the arm and stabling for nearly 100 horses.—Box K 3,865, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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TONBRIDGE.—To be SOLD, Freehold, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-built Detached HOUSE, about 1¼ miles from station: 7 bed and dressing, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; stable and coach-house; garden ½ acre, tennis lawn. Rent, £90 per annum. Price very low for quick sale.—ARMY AND NAVY AUXILIARY CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY, LIMITED, Francis Street, Westminster.

KENT, Beckenham (overlooking magnificent park, with private way into golf links, and within 8 minutes of station).—An exceptionally well-built detached RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, in excellent order. Price, £2,000. Bargain.—W. LEVENS and SON, Auctioneers, Beckenham.

ONLY £3,800,
including some valuable old oak.
MIGHT BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

BEAUTIFUL KESTON DISTRICT (500ft. above sea).—Old-fashioned RESIDENCE, recently modernised and fitted throughout. Lounge hall (19ft. by 16ft. 3in.), dining room (29ft. long), drawing room (27ft. 6in. by 19ft.), study, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices, with servants' hall. Stabling of 4 stalls, coachman's room.
WELL-MATURED GROUNDS,
lawns, shrubberies, kitchen gardens, orchard, greenhouses, etc.—Box HS 83, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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SURVEYOR, VALUER.

22,000 ACRES SHOOTING AND GOOD FISHINGS

THIS GRAND OLD SCOTCH BARONIAL HALL, near the Kyles of Bute, to be LET, Furnished, with shootings extending to about 22,000 acres of moor and hill ground, with some arable land, and well supplied with woods and sheltered corries, forming a compact deer forest and grouse moor.

The Castle occupies a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views, and contains some 6 public rooms, picture gallery, 24 bed and dressing rooms, ample service quarters, extensive cellarage; excellent stabling accommodation, and 2 cottages; electric light and telephone installation.

Game bag for 1909: Grouse, 1,115; black game, 29; pheasants, 139; woodcock, 63; snipe, 24; pigeon, 8; wild fowl, 2; hares, 3; rabbits, 1,542; stags, 16. Total, 2,941.

Apply, F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (N 2,501)

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SHOOTING OVER 1,000 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, the above fine old MANSION, situated 600ft. above sea level, sheltered by old timber and matured plantations; approached by 2 long carriage drives: ample reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 large bathrooms, excellent offices; stabling for 17 horses, and all necessary accommodation; sufficient farm-buildings; pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, plantations, in all 70 acres; 4 cottages; electric light and good water supply; the situation is exceedingly healthy and picturesque, boldly wooded, the views embracing a panorama extending to 40 or 50 miles.

Price on application to F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,135)

NORTHANTS.—To be LET, Furnished, a fine old CASTELLATED MANSION, approached by 2 drives. The House has been recently enlarged, redecorated, and fitted with double sound-proof floors and double windows; it is heated by hot water, and lighted throughout by electricity. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor, large entrance hall, conservatory, billiard room, morning room, drawing room, tea room; on the first floor are 7 principal bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 w.c.'s; on the second floor, 3 bedrooms, bathroom with electric-light bath, music room, studio; there is an Italian garden on a portion of the roof of the house; in a wing over the domestic offices are 8 maid-servants' rooms, workroom, bathroom, w.c., heated linen room, with excellent domestic offices below; an abundant supply of water; modern drainage; modern stabling, comprising 14 loose boxes, wash-box, 6 stalls, 2 large coach-houses, etc.; above are a kitchen, men's sitting room, 5 bedrooms, and bathroom; electric dynamo-house and numerous outbuildings.

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

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Who, on application, will supply

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BRECONSHIRE.—Picturesque, old-fashioned MANOR HOUSE, commanding extensive views over the beautiful valley of the Usk: large square hall, inner hall, dining room, drawing room, library, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; 25 acres of park, and shooting over 900 acres; also excellent trout fishing. To be LET at a moderate Rent.

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4 DAYS A WEEK WITH THE PUCKERIDGE.

HERTS.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, this very picturesque Jacobean

COTTAGE RESIDENCE,

containing: 3 reception rooms, oak staircase with minstrels' gallery, 7 or 10 bedrooms, etc.; there is a first-class range of stabling, and coachman's cottage, etc.; the grounds of 15 acres are shaded by fine old trees; gardener's cottage; sand and gravel soil.

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Lotus Empire Shoes

THE NEW and exclusive note in dress is the coloured shoe. It promotes, indeed is indispensable to, the harmony of colour which distinguishes the daintiest toilettes for outdoor wear this season. In colour, shoes acquire a new importance, and in making a choice too much attention cannot be paid to three points essential to their success.

First, the shoes, the hose, and the dress are to harmonise in colour. This decree of fashion suggests many charming effects, and leaves ample room for the expression of individual taste, but the shoes must be cut low in the front in order to bring the hose into the picture.

Second, only shoes made on the very latest lasts, specially modelled for the new low cut style, afford comfort and security in walking. To make a shoe that fits securely without either lace or strap, a shoe that does not gape at the ankle or slip up and down at the heel, taxes the skill of the shoe maker to the uttermost. Remember the shoe is for outdoor wear.

Third, the shoe must be beautifully made, faultless in workmanship and material. For its full effect, the coloured style more than any other kind depends upon first class shoe making.

On all these points the Lotus Empire Shoes have been thoroughly tested, and give ladies the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

62

For Outdoor Wear

No. 62.....Patent
No. 63.....Bronze
No. 64.....Purple

17/9

Uniform Price

63 & 64

Can be worn with buckle or bow.

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Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for style booklet illustrating shoes in colours and local agent's address.

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21/- RIDING BREECHES

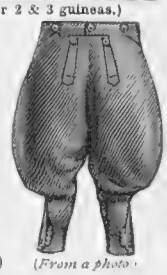
(Exact Materials as sold for 2 & 3 guineas.)

Lace or Button Knees, Split Fall or Fly Front.

Cut as Hunting Breeches very clean at knees, **universally acknowledged Best fitting & Value Breeches worn. Perfect freedom** in Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, &c. In Genuine Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Shepherds' Checks, **Riding Cords**, & **BURBERRY'S GABARDINE** Thorn, Rainproofed, & Washable **Polo Breeches, 25/- pair.**

"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat, and Vest, the fit being perfect"

(Made from Customer's Measures.)



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A STORMPROOF LINED SLIPOVER, FOR ALL OUTDOOR PURPOSES In RAIN or SHINE.

MODEL COAT, Car. Paid U.K., **30/-** Banker's or Trade References. 36 to 42in. chest over jacket.

Also Models at 35/-, 42/-, & 50/-

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Perfect Fit Guaranteed (from Self-measurement Form)

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VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to leave record measures for future use, or can order & fit same day.

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18 " " 18 "	2 1 14	2 13 4
20 " " 20 "	3 0 7	3 4 0
22 " " 22 "	3 3 21	3 18 0

These can be obtained through any respectable Ironmongers

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd.

Thorncliffe Ironworks, near SHEFFIELD, Estab. 1793.

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Reading of your life from chart to advertise my success. Rub stove black or ink on the thumbs, press on paper; send with birth-date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/- for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you and stamped envelope.

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Dr. Cooper, M.R.C.S.: "The accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guno in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."

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Will not Tear the Socks.

The Acme of Comfort.

The Height of Perfection.

Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.

Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.

By post, 1d. extra.

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(Under the Tree),
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CHEAP TICKETS to the **CONTINENT** will be issued from certain London Stations as follows:—

Destination.	Days Valid.	Return Fares. 1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
Paris (via Calais or Boulogne)	14	58/4	37/6	30/-
Boulogne	3	21/-	—	12/6
Do.	8	30/-	25/-	17/10
Brussels (via Calais or Boulogne)	8	48/3	33/6	—
Do. (via Ostend)	8	38/-	26/7	17/4
Amsterdam (via Flushing)	8	37/1	25/6	—
The Hague (via Flushing)	8	32/10	22/5	—
Calais	3	22/6	—	14/-
Do.	8	31/6	26/6	20/6
Ostend	8	28/9	20/3	13/8
French Riviera (via Calais)	30	192/-	132/-	—

WEEK END TICKETS AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) will be issued from LONDON and certain Suburban Stations to the undermentioned SEA-SIDE, &c., RESORTS on March 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, available for return on or before March 29th, but not on day of issue.

	Return Fares. 1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.		Return Fares. 1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
Ashford	14/-	9/-	7/-	Littlestone	16/-	12/-	9/-
Bexhill	14/-	10/6	8/-	Margate	16/-	12/-	8/-
Birchington	16/-	12/-	8/-	Ramsgate	16/-	12/-	8/-
Broadstairs	16/-	12/-	8/-	St. Leonards	14/-	10/6	8/-
Canterbury	14/-	10/6	8/-	Sandgate	17/6	12/6	9/-
Deal	18/6	12/6	9/-	Sandwich	18/6	12/6	9/-
Dover	17/6	12/6	9/-	Shorncliffe	17/6	12/6	9/-
Folkestone	17/6	12/6	9/-	Tunbridge Wells	8/6	5/6	4/6
Hastings	14/-	10/6	8/-	Walmer	18/6	12/6	9/-
Herne Bay	14/-	10/-	7/-	Westgate	16/-	12/-	8/-
Hythe	17/6	12/6	9/-	Whitstable Town	14/-	10/-	7/-

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to Ashford, Bexhill, Birchington, Broadstairs, Canterbury, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, Herne Bay, Hythe, Margate, Ramsgate, Sandgate, Tunbridge Wells, Whitstable, &c. On EASTER MONDAY only, Half-Day Excursion to Whitstable and Herne Bay, and Day Excursion to Aldershot.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Cheap Return Tickets (including admission) will be issued from London.

For full particulars of the above Continental and Home Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, etc., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, *General Manager.*

Brighton & South Coast Railway.

EASTER ON THE SUNNY SOUTH COAST.

FAST TRAINS FROM LONDON BRIDGE, VICTORIA & KENSINGTON (Addison Road).
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

By all Trains on every Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, available to return on the Sunday or following Monday or Tuesday.	Return Fares from London Termini to	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
	BRIGHTON	14/-	8/3	7/-
	WORTHING	15/-	9/3	7/9
	LITTLEHAMPTON	15/-	10/6	8/3
	BOGNOR	16/6	11/3	8/9
	HAYLING ISLAND	17/6	11/6	9/6
	SOUTHSEA	19/-	12/-	9/6
	PORTSMOUTH	19/-	12/-	9/6
	ISLE OF WIGHT	21/6	13/6	11/-
	SEAFORD	14/-	10/-	7/9
	EASTBOURNE	14/-	10/6	8/-
	BEXHILL	14/-	10/6	8/-
	HASTINGS	14/-	10/6	8/-

These Tickets will also be issued on March 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, available to return by any train, according to class, on any day except day of issue, up to and including Tuesday, March 29th.

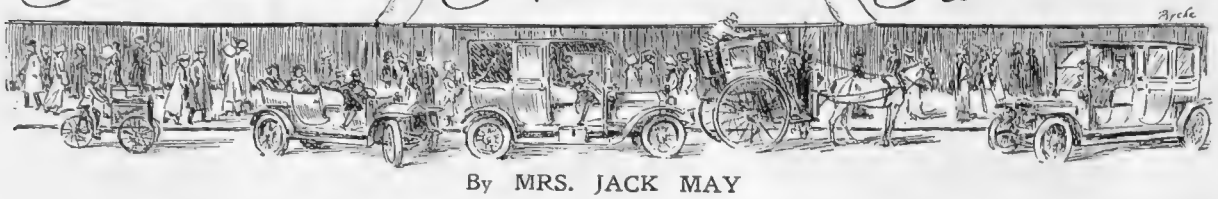
Day Excursions will be run on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES—DAILY, EXCEPT EASTER MONDAY—THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman Express, well ventilated, leaves Victoria at 11 a.m. Single Ticket 9s. 6d., Day Return Ticket 12s., returning at 5.45 p.m. on Week-days and 5.0 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Sundays.

EASTBOURNE IN 1¾ HOURS, by Pullman Limited, every Sunday (not Good Friday), from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Returning at 5.15. p.m. Single Ticket 11s. 6d., Day Return Ticket, 12s. 6d.

Details of Supt. of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.



By MRS. JACK MAY

"*Changeant!*" That is the catch-word this season. Veiled effects are going to be run for all they are worth. In fact, they are already something of an obsession, the veilings, however, which form an integral part of the gown, being employed, for the most part, perfectly flat, and included in the general treatment.

Frequently, however, the transparency is carried on alone above the waist, or, rather, over another transparency, such as lace, flesh-coloured chiffon, or tinsel run net. *Foulards*, notwithstanding their notably handsome designs, are foremost among the materials that promise to be tempered by veilings, and even cloth will not be exempt. It seems to me as though I had been talking of *changeant* effects for a year at least, and, of a fact, I believe I have one of those strange premonitions that assail most of us who unconsciously think clothes. It has come to me in regard to this decree. But never, in my wildest dreams, have I pictured anything approaching the daring flights likely to be achieved.

Since writing last week a number of wondrous *foulards* have come to hand, patterned over with gigantic flowers, leaves, and branches. As may be easily imagined, these Brobdingnagian effects are considerably improved by being blurred; although, artistically speaking, they are so attractive that one regrets, on the other hand, any tempering of their charms. However, some small consideration is due to the wearer, and it will take not only courage, but corpulence to carry off with anything approaching success one of these bold devices.

A Travelling Coat of Striped Material

This is a really practical wrap, and, at the same time, irreproachably cut and finished

(Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street)

The "Chantecler" Veil

In its way, the "Chantecler" veil is, perhaps, the least hysterical item born of that much-advertised play, and compares quite favourably with spider-webs, detached fern *motifs*, and the like. The denizens of the farmyard are, as our illustration depicts, woven in with the coarser net, in shadowy Shetland style, and alternate with *motifs* of the rising sun. Monsieur Chantecler is shown in the hey-day of his pride and glory when labouring under the beautiful delusion that King Sol only rose at his bidding—a quaint conceit that gives those of us of the other sex to ponder deeply over other similar delusions, not only confined to the soulless species. However, that is by the way, whereas the "Chantecler" veil is very much in the way, and is finding ready recognition at the hands of all our large establishments, which nowadays make a feature of their veiling counter.

Ideal Country Suits and Coats at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street

All the early spring models here are so surpassingly good it is something of a task to know to what to give the precedence. My heart went out to a biscuit tweed costume, patterned over with a large duster check in green, the real cross-country skirt faced up at the hem with a fold of the material cut into points. Patch pockets adorned the fronts of the double-breasted coat, the back of which was fashioned with a deep yoke, on to which the lower half was gathered, and held in at the waist by a band.

LEATHER COATS FOR MOTORING

Only the very finest skins are used in these coats; we have the pick of the best skins in Europe, and, owing to our long experience in cutting and designing this class of garment, a perfect and comfortable fit is ensured. It is impossible to obtain elsewhere a leather coat of such quality and design at so reasonable a price.

Prices from

6 Gns. to 22 Gns.

These coats may be had in various shades, and lined with tweed, camel fleece, squirrel lock, or silver musquash.

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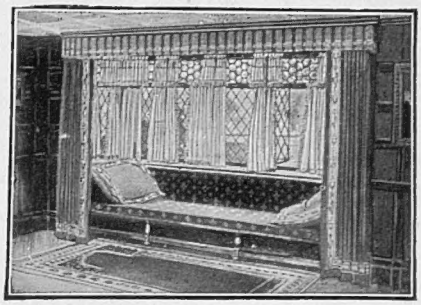
2 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W

MANCHESTER: 88, Cross Street.

GLASGOW: 72, St. Vincent Street.

The Home Beautiful

1910 Edition, containing the Latest Productions in Casement Blinds, Curtains, Art Carpets, Muslins, &c., with 50 beautifully coloured illustrations, will be issued March 14th, Post Free.



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Suggestions and Estimates Free.

A large variety of new Casement Blind Materials in a full range of colours.

Casement Cotton, 5¾d. yd., 31in. wide; **11½d.** yd., 52in. wide.
Cassia Cloth, in 62 Art Shades, 7¾d. yd., 31in. wide; **1/3¾** yd., 52in. wide. All fast colours.
Printed Cassia Cloth, 8¾d. yd., 31in. wide.
Cingalee Cloth, 9¾d. yd., 32in. wide, in various colours.
Reliable Bolton Sheetings, Fast Colours, **1/2½** yd., 52in. wide. Ditto, super quality, **1/6** yd. Band and Edge Trimmings to match. New book of our noted **"Colortite" Casement Cloths** (Guaranteed Unfadable) now ready. Prices from **8¾d.** to **3/11½** per yd.

One of the largest stocks of Cretonnes in London.

IDEAL CURTAIN FABRICS.

Grandora Silk. A heavy Art Fabric, all silk. **2/3½** yd., 52in. wide.
Claribel Satin (Soft Lustrous Finish), **2/11** per yd., 52in. wide.
Shadow Damask, 1/11½ per yd., 50in. wide. In 12 Shades.
Rep de Lux, 2/9 per yd., 52in. wide. Rich silky effect.
New book of exclusive designs in Madras Muslins, **4¾d.** to **2/11½** per yd. **Patterns on approval Post Free.**

LOOSE COVERS A SPECIALITY.

Williamson & Cole

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

FOR DYEING & DRY CLEANING

MORTIMER BROS PLYMOUTH.

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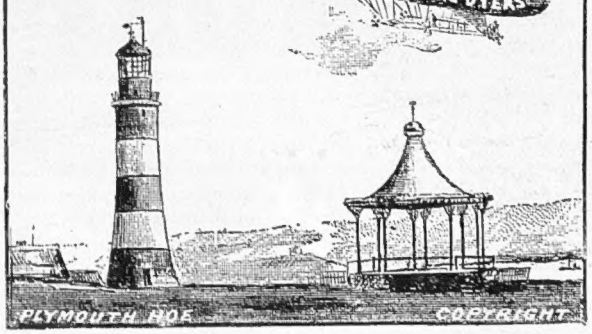

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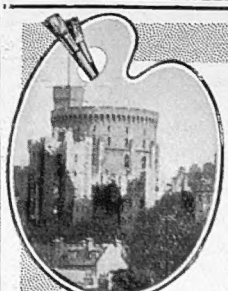

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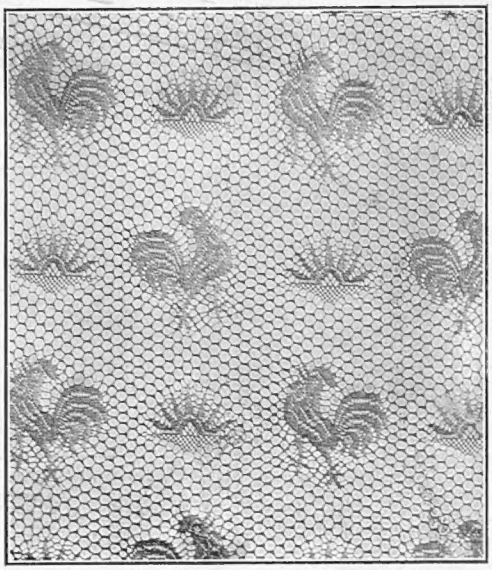
To work with a Dallmeyer lens is to secure successful work, not sometimes, but always.

A number of the costume coats at Ulster House, although fitted to the figure, are completed by waist-bands, while nearly all find complementary headgear. The sports hats are always admirably thought-out at Kenneth Durward's, and it is *de rigueur* now for the country suit to be crowned by a hat *ensuite*.

We have illustrated one of the new travelling coats, in a striped material, a genuinely practical wrap, irreproachably cut and finished, and invested with that particular *cachet* never absent from the models turned out by this firm, notwithstanding they work on lines that never for a moment stray from the strictest tailoring sartorialism.



The "Chantecler" Veil

Which is having quite a vogue

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—Of course we should be the last people to complain of a "display of Jaeger stockings"—see your amusing account of the Quorn Hunt meeting at Little Belvoir on February 24. But can your contributor, without being indiscreet, say how he knew? The dainty fabric does not bear witness to anything but excellence, and the label is sewn inside the stocking. Much puzzled, we beg to remain your obedient servants,

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.
Lewis R. S. Tomalin
(*Managing Director*).

The Menu: SOME USEFUL SAVOURIES

Macaroni Cutlets
Bloater Fillets
Sardine Sandwiches
Devilled Oysters
Oysters Sauté à la Crême
Anchovy Aigrettes
Devilled Almonds

Macaroni Cutlets

Four ounces of macaroni, 4oz. of grated cheese, 1oz. of butter, ½oz. of flour, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of French mustard, breadcrumbs, one egg, cayenne, and salt. Boil the macaroni in water for about twenty minutes, then cut it into pieces of half an inch in length. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the flour gradually, stirring until there are no lumps, add the milk, and stir over the fire until the sauce thickens. Mix the macaroni, cheese, mustard, cayenne, and salt with the sauce, then turn out on a plate and leave till cold. Form into cutlets or small rolls, roll in breadcrumbs, then dip in beaten egg, and again roll in crumbs. Fry the cutlets in boiling fat until they are of a golden brown colour, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley. If the mixture is formed into cutlet shape, place a small piece of macaroni at the thin end to represent a bone.

Bloater Fillets

Skin two large bloaters, split them down the back, remove the fillets from the bones, place on a gridiron over or before the fire, and broil until nearly tender, dip them first in oiled butter, and then in grated Parmesan cheese. Have ready some neatly cut slices of hot buttered toast, place a fillet on each, sprinkle with a few fried breadcrumbs, and put in a very hot oven for a few minutes.

Sardine Sandwiches

Bone and beat twelve sardines and mix with them the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and a piece of butter, a little finely chopped parsley and cayenne. Cut slices of thin bread and butter and spread them with the mixture. Cut into oblong shapes, and serve with cress or lettuce in the middle.

Devilled Oysters

For two dozen cooking oysters put 1oz. of butter in a pan; when it is dissolved, add a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley; drain the oysters, and cook carefully till they are plump. Season highly with cayenne and salt, and serve on croûtons of toast. Pour the reduced liquor over and serve at once.

Oysters Sauté à la Crême

Pour a quart of boiling water over one pint of oysters; drain and chop them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into a stewpan, turn in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and sauté until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of very finely crushed biscuit or breadcrumbs and three-fourths of a cup of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in little brown cups, and garnish with parsley.

Anchovy Aigrettes

Season some fillets of anchovies with salad oil, cayenne pepper, and chopped parsley, and let them stand for half an hour. Fry the fillets in boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain on paper, scatter dried lobster coral over, and serve piled on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with fresh parsley.

Devilled Almonds

Blanch ½lb. of almonds, throw them into cold water, and then dry thoroughly in a cloth. Put the almonds into a frying-pan, in which 2oz. of butter are frizzling, fry until a golden brown, drain on a sieve in front of the fire, sprinkle with cayenne and salt, and serve hot.

EMILIA.

A Statesman on Household Economy

Brotherton was one of the more prominent statesmen of the last century. He had a favourite saying to the effect that "His riches consisted in the fewness of his wants." By this he meant that he was able to obtain all he wanted by the judicious exercise of one or two simple methods. He was not a food reformer, but he held that the simple, inexpensive, homely, domestic products were, if rightly used, fare good enough for anyone, no matter how wealthy or fastidious. He devised all sorts of ways of cooking cheap dishes, chiefly fruits such as Currants, from which he knew the most delicious and profitable results could be obtained, and, although not a poor man, his household expenses would serve as an example to anyone to-day wishful to learn a secret in economy. Currants, as everyone knows, are amongst the cheapest fruits procurable. If they were ten times the price, and difficult to procure, their worth would be more highly estimated, because they are full of the richest form of nutriment.

A Late Meal

after the dance, the theatre, or whist drive, should be something that soothes and induces sleep. Alcoholic stimulants disturb the natural rest and fail to nourish. The ideal supper should be easily digested and provide nourishment. Full benefit is assured by taking the "Allenburys" Diet, which is a partially predigested combination of rich milk and whole wheat — the vital food elements. Made in a minute — just add boiling water.

Large Sample will be sent for three penny stamps.

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V. 13

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

The Editor's Box

The "Daily Graphic" Balloon

A fresh long-distance aerial voyage is about to be undertaken by another *Daily Graphic* balloon. The objective before the aeronauts is Russia, or, possibly—should the conditions be favourable—Siberia. A new balloon has been constructed for the purpose—larger even than the "Mammoth," in which the last attempt was made. As before, the *Daily Graphic* has made arrangements by which its readers may estimate the point of descent; and a prize of £100 will be given, subject to the conditions made, to the reader who most nearly indicates the exact spot.

London Hippodrome

Miss Louie Freear made her reappearance in London at the Hippodrome last week. She is as delightfully amusing as ever, and scored all along the line. The Grotesques, who recently suffered a severe lost in the sudden death of their leader, are here once again. They are a genuinely clever troupe, and have added a new item to their "show." Woodward's Seals are always welcome. Among other items are Miss Winifred Emery and Co., Les Marco Belli, Harry Leybourne, O'Gust, etc.

Lyceum Play

At the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, the Lyceum version of *The Christian* is to be seen this week, and at the Coronet, Notting Hill, *The Bondman* is being given.

Palace Theatre

Mlle. Polaire, fresh from the scene of her triumphs in Paris, made her first appearance before an English public last week at the Palace Theatre. "Le Visiteur" is a grim little play dealing with the attempt of an *apache* to rob a popular actress of her jewels, after he has murdered her admirer in the garden. The actress first endeavours to fascinate the man by her singing and dancing, and then, having invited him to dance with her, stabs him in his back.

The Richelieu Hotel and Restaurant

The latest addition to the list of hotels in the West-End is the Richelieu, at the corner of Oxford Street and Dean Street, and formerly known as the Hotel Tudor. In addition to structural alterations, an entirely fresh scheme of decoration has been carried out. The fact that the direction is entirely in the hands of Mr. Peter Gallina, the popular proprietor of the Rendezvous Restaurant in Dean Street, is in itself an assurance of excellence in every way.

Liverpool Spring Races

We are pleased to observe that the Great Central Company's arrangements for the forthcoming Grand National Steeplechase comprise a first-class train leaving London (Marylebone) at 7.14 a.m. on Friday, March 18, the fare of 36*s.* 6*d.* including luncheon on the outward journey and tea and dinner on the return. Another train conveying third-class passengers only departs from Marylebone at 7.5 a.m., and the fare of 20*s.* includes luncheon and dinner on the train. Accommodation will be reserved on notification being sent to Mr. Monckton, Marylebone Station, and the tickets, including meals, can be had at any time from the Marylebone booking-office. To-day, Wednesday, a special dining-car excursion will be run to Southport, with bookings to Liverpool for three or four days, leaving Marylebone at 1 p.m., return fare 20*s.* Passengers return on Friday from Aintree at 5 p.m. for first-class and 5.5 p.m. for third-class, and on Saturday from Aintree at 4.10 p.m.

History of the Olympic Movement

"International Sport," by Theodore Andrea Cook (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a history of the Olympic movement from 1896 to the present day. There are over a hundred illustrations, and the volume contains an account of the Games at Athens in 1896 and in London in 1908. Full lists of prize-winners are given, together with comments on the performances, and the code of rules for twenty different forms of sport.

Clopton Manor, Northamptonshire

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will shortly offer for sale the Clopton Manor Estate, near Kettering, extending to about 2,000 acres, with a fine Elizabethan mansion. Mr. Rowland Wood, the well-known shorthorn breeder, is one of the tenants. Clopton village goes with the property.

Karswood Creosote

To cure influenza, sprinkle a few drops of Karswood Creosote on your pillow at night. This simple remedy is infallible for colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, etc. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles.—E. G Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

FOREMOST in 1851 — FOREMOST in 1908.

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For "The Royal Primrose Soap."

Extract from "The Times," Friday, November 19th, 1852.
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For "Toilet and Shaving Soaps."

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